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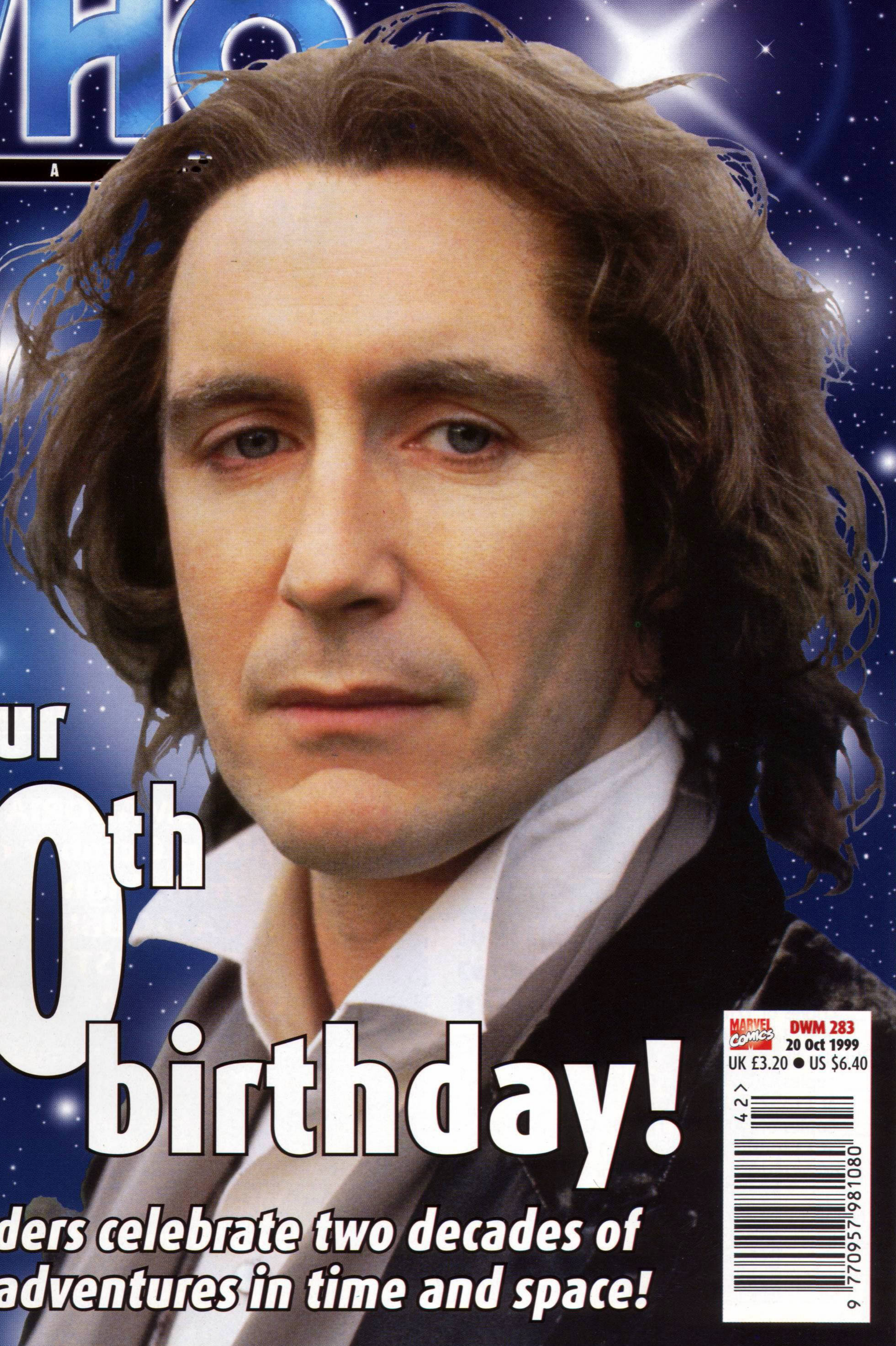
DOCTOR WHO

MAGA



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DWM 283
20 Oct 1999
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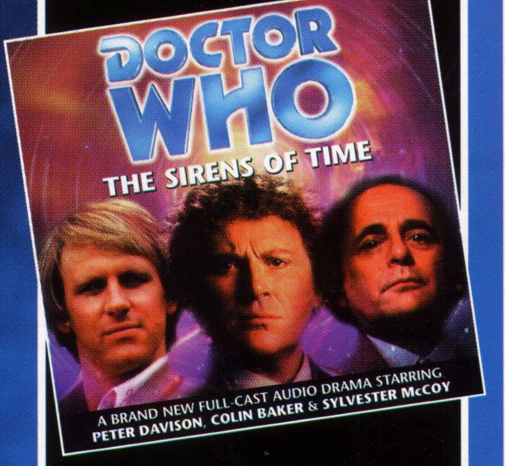
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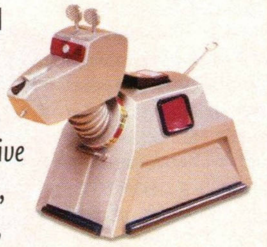
DWM 283

'Comic strips! Features! Pin-ups!'

6 COVER STORY

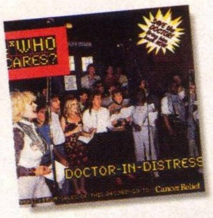
We're gonna party like it's 1979!

DWM is 20 years old this month – and, in a fit of birthday madness, we've asked 20 loyal readers to tell *their* stories of the last 20 years! Thrill to tales of free transfers, tabloid terror, Clarky the Cyberman, Brian Morbius, Sarah Sutton's wellies and much, much more!



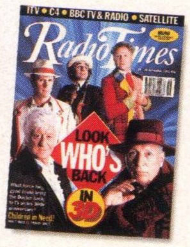
8 1979-1984

The **Weekly**, the *Programme Guide*, *Five Faces*, *Earthshock*, video recorders, Longleat . . .


WHO CARES?
DOCTOR-IN-DISTRESS

26 1985-1989

The first cancellation, pirate videos, fanzines, *Silver Nemesis*, *Did You See?*, the axe falls . . .


Radio Times
LOOK WHO'S BACK IN 3D

30 Gallifrey Grauniad

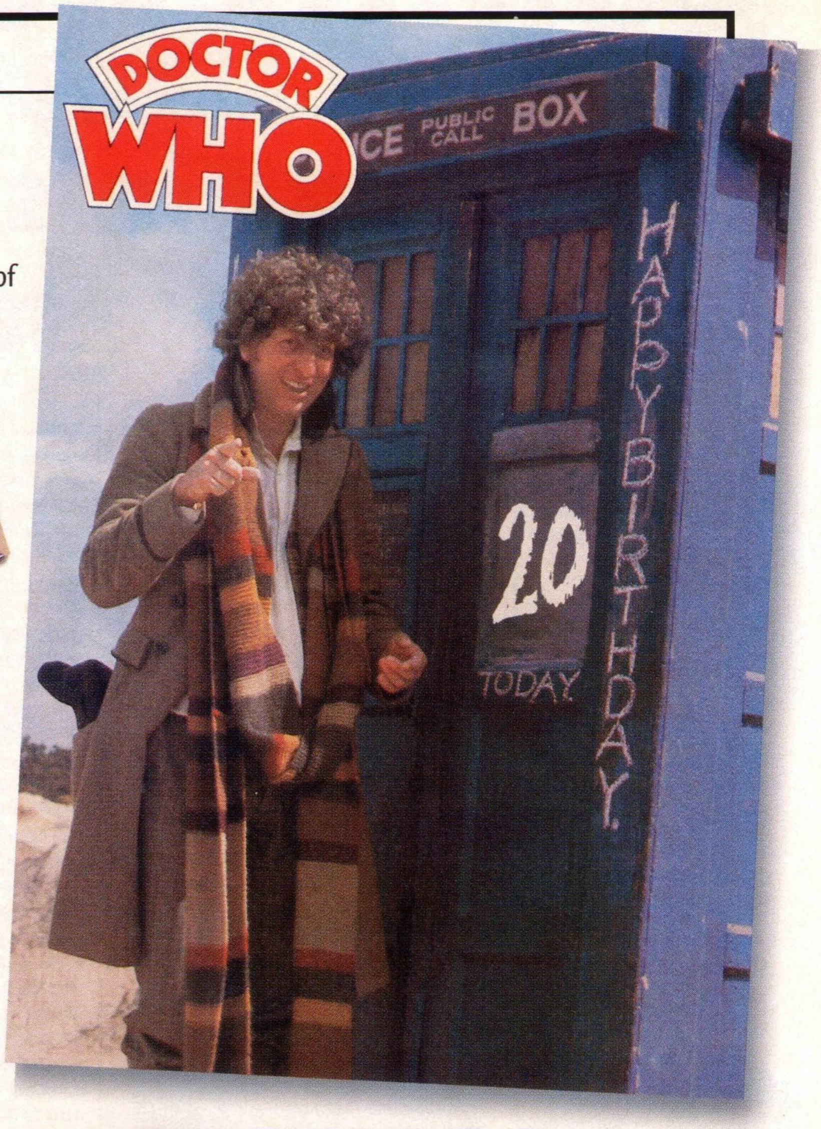
Two decades' worth of all the headlines unfit to print!

32 1990-1994

The Pilot Episode, repeats, *Tomb of the Cybermen*, *The Dark Dimension*, the New Adventures, the 30th anniversary . . .

46 1995-1999

Jon Pertwee, the TV Movie, *The Dying Days*, new fans, Glastonbury '99 . . .


DOCTOR WHO
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
20
TODAY

REGULARS

4 **Gallifrey Guardian**
12 **The DWM Archive** *Destiny of the Daleks*
21 **Everything You Ever Needed to Know About** *The Sands of Time*
23 **Shelf Life**
37 **Comic strip** *TV Action!*
50 **It's the end, but . . .**

Gallifrey Guardian

Audio adventures go monthly from January 2000

Big Finish takes on Dalek Empire!

Daleks, Ice Warriors and a brand new companion all feature in Big Finish Productions' *Doctor Who* audio adventures for the year 2000, which are to be issued on a new monthly basis from January.

Guest stars for the next few releases include: Peter Miles (Nyder in *Genesis of the Daleks*), Lisa Bowerman (Bernice Summerfield) and ex-Brookside star Matthew Brehner in November's *Whispers of Terror*; *Beverly Hills 90210* actor Neil Roberts in January's *Land of the Dead*; and Jacqueline Pearce (Servalan in *Blake's 7* and Chessene in *The Two Doctors*) and Hugh Walters (Runcible in *The Deadly Assassin* and Vogel in *Revelation of the Daleks*) in February's *The Fearmonger*.

March 2000 sees the return of Brian Hayles' creations the Ice Warriors in *Red Dawn*, a four-part adventure by Justin Richards planned to star Peter Davison and Nicola Bryant. Here, the first successful Mars landing mission uncovers evidence that an amazing civilisation once lived below the planet's surface . . .

In April, Jacqueline Rayner's *The Marian Conspiracy* sees the Sixth Doctor and new companion Evelyn Smythe [see box] heading back into 16th century England.

Also due out next year, in September, is *The Fires of Vulcan* by Steve Lyons, in which the Seventh Doctor and Ace find themselves trapped in Pompeii at the time of the eruption of Vesuvius.

Meanwhile, in May, under licence from the estate of Terry Nation, the Daleks return in the first of a series of linked plays under the umbrella title *Dalek Empire*. This series is set to reestablish the Daleks along the lines that creator Terry Nation originally intended – as a powerful, cunning and rapacious race who will stop at nothing to dominate the universe. "These are not Daleks easily defeated by gunfire or being talked to death," claims Big Finish co-producer Gary Russell. "These are Daleks that may be defeated in each individual story, but they are never destroyed for good. They are not dependent upon Davros, they are led by a Dalek Supreme who, in turn, is answerable to the Dalek Emperor. In many ways, these are the Daleks of the 1960s TV stories and the famous TV21 comic strips, their intention being to enslave the population of the Twelve Galaxies.

"Their main focus is our Solar System, which has Earth as the seat of its own Federation. Mankind has thought the Dalek menace gone forever, but it is wrong – they have merely retreated and replanned their mode of attack. The stories are connected only by their inclusion within the Dalek Empire framework, in the year 4256."

The sequence commences in May with *Wetworks*, a Mike Tucker-scripted Seventh Doctor and Ace adventure in which the Daleks seek information to enable them to determine how to deploy their forces. Then in July comes *The Mutant Phase* by Nick Briggs, a Fifth Doctor and Nyssa story. It's followed in January 2001 by Stephen Cole's *Apocalypse*, featuring the Sixth Doctor and Evelyn. December 2000, meanwhile, will see the release of two Doctorless single CD adventures by Nick Briggs, featuring a group of freedom fighters caught up in the events of the *Dalek Empire* audios. Their story will conclude in two final releases in March 2001, bringing the sequence to a close.

With all these events, plus expressions of interest in writing for the range from former script editor Andrew Cartmel, *Ghost Light* author Marc Platt, *Bugs* script editor Colin Brake, plus BBC Books novelists Paul Magrs, Paul Cornell and Peter Anghelides, Big Finish are set to build upon the considerable success of its first two *Doctor Who* releases in style.

Popular foes return: Daleks and Ice Warriors

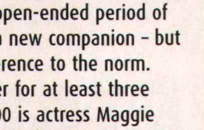
Introducing Ms Smythe . . .

When Virgin Books held the rights to the *Doctor Who* novels, Steve Lyons created the character of Grant Markham as a companion to the Sixth Doctor, to fill the gaps between the end of *The Trial of a Time Lord* and the Doctor's first meeting with Melanie Bush. Big Finish are opting to fill that same open-ended period of adventures with a new companion – but with a slight difference to the norm. Joining Colin Baker for at least three adventures in 2000 is actress Maggie Stables playing Dr Evelyn Smythe, a 65 year-old historian working towards her Professorship.

Explains co-producer Gary Russell: "Her University are trying to pension her off, so she sees the opportunity to go with the Doctor as a means out of her 'dull, pointless' future. The University think she's a pain in the butt, her students love her eccentricities and think she's fab.

"She joins the Doctor in *The Marian Conspiracy* because he's tracking a nexus point in time – and she seems to be involved. Further investigation shows that Evelyn's family is being erased from history, and this could catch up with her at any time.

"As far as her character goes, think Emelia Rumford meets Angela Lansbury meets Margaret Rutherford meets *The Aztecs*' Cameca!"



Underground sounds

BBC Worldwide has confirmed that the next release in its recently-revived range of soundtracks from lost *Doctor Who* serials will be the Troughton tale of Yetis on the Northern Line, *The Web of Fear*. More details next month.

Stone for BBC Books

Dave Stone, a mainstay of the Virgin *New Adventures*, is to pen his first BBC Books novel for publication next June. *Heart of TARDIS* is a Second and Fourth Doctors adventure.

Events news

Frazer Hines will be signing both *Doctor Who* and *Emmerdale* first day covers at The Stamp Centre, 79 The Strand, London WC2 on Friday 29 October between 11 and 2 o'clock. Those unable to attend can order copies via credit card on 0800 975 4571. Meanwhile, on the other side of the planet, Sylvester McCoy is scheduled to guest at Whovention 2000, a Doctor Who Club of Australia shindig to be held in Sydney over February 4-6. Details from: PO Box 4, Epping, NSW 2121. Website: *www.eagles.com.au/˜whovention*

BBC2 confirm evening of celebration

Doctor Who Night to herald huge repeat run?

BBC2's *Doctor Who Night* – plans for which were exclusively revealed in last issue's *Gallifrey Guardian* – now has a fixed transmission date of Saturday 13 November, less than two months away.

DWM's own expert Archivist Andrew Pixley has been approached to act as a consultant for the evening's programming, which is expected to comprise newly recorded documentary material plus extensive archive clips.

Most thrilling of all, it is thought that the *Night* will be but a curtain-raiser to an extended run of repeat episodes on Saturdays at 6.00pm, in BBC2's '30-something nostalgia' TOTP2 slot. Clearances are being sought for all *Doctor Who*'s colour stories, fuelling speculation that everything from *Spearhead From Space* onwards is to be shown in episodic order from 20 November on – complete with full credits and minus on-screen channel idents (unlike cable/satellite channel UK Gold, which is currently airing the stories in compilation form only).

The *Doctor Who Night*, a BBC Manchester production, is produced and directed by Mike Wadding. Executive producer is Alan Brown; associate producers are Christine Kenrick and Steve Maginn.

Pertwee serials to be repeated?

Planned TV series on ice for time being

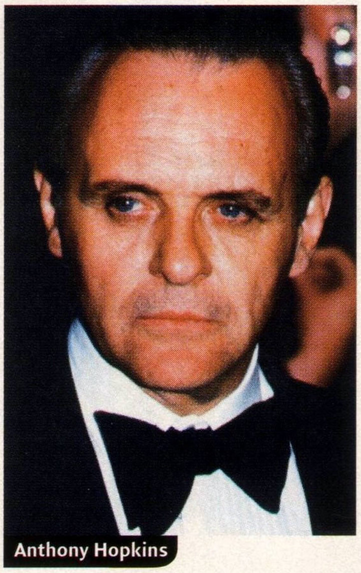
Movie production steps up a gear

Following on from last month's *Gallifrey Guardian* revelation that actor Denzel Washington is favoured to star in the *Doctor Who* feature film currently in development by BBC Films and Impact Pictures, co-producer Jeremy Bolt has confirmed that "casting an international name in the lead role" is a priority if the series is to be "reinvented for a global audience" – going on to nominate both Laurence Fishburne and Anthony Hopkins as other putative Doctors of similar standing.

It has since transpired that the new movie is based on a loose storyline by possible director Paul Anderson; he and Bolt have a limited period of time in which to persuade a major US studio to back the movie. BBC Worldwide's Mike Phillips confirmed in an *Independent on Sunday* article on 29 August that: "Paul wrote an interesting treatment and we thought that he had a good take on the material, and that it might make a saleable mainstream film . . ."

One side-effect of the movie's development has been to temporarily sideline a mooted new television series of *Doctor Who*, which BBC1 controller Peter Salmon had approached *New Adventures* author/*Queer as Folk* creator Russell T Davies to write. These plans, which were at a very early stage indeed, were put on hold several months ago when it was realised that rights issues precluded their continuation until it is known whether the movie is a 'go' project or not. Davies – one of a panel of TV professionals consulted regarding a future direction for the show in **DWM** 279's *We're gonna be bigger than Star Wars!* – says that: "While I was very enthusiastic about the opportunity to work on *Doctor Who*, my time was entirely taken up with *Queer as Folk* at that stage. Long before I had the chance to get to grips with *Who*, the BBC Films' project stepped up a gear, and BBC Drama Serials had to put their ideas onto the back-burner.

"**DWM** readers certainly shouldn't see these projects as having been in competition at all. They should take heart from the fact that *Doctor Who* has a lot of friends and supporters at the BBC, and I'm sure the time for a new TV series will come soon, whether the film is made or not."


Anthony Hopkins

Win stuff!

New audio adventure *Phantasmagoria* is released on 4 October – and, thanks to Big Finish, we've got five double CD copies to give away!

The play is written by Mark Gatiss – but which top TV comedy troupe is Mark a member of? Answers on the back of a postcard or stuck-down envelope marked CHARMING FELLOW . . . DREADFUL ACTOR to the editorial address by 18 November. And to recreate the effects of the 17th century narcotic laudanum, why not draw a picture of Turlough with your left hand and append it to your entry?

Unless you're left-handed already. In which case, don't bother.

DOCTOR WHO
PHANTASMAGORIA
A BRAND NEW FULL-CAST AUDIO DRAMA
STARRING PETER DAVISON AND MARK STRICKSON

Editors Gary Gillatt & Alan Barnes **Design** Peri Godbold

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Collector's Heaven

October
Mon 4 **Audio drama Doctor Who: Phantasmagoria** by Mark Gatiss [Fifth Doctor & Turlough] *Big Finish* double CD £13.99/double cassette £9.99 **Novel Doctor Who: The Taking of Planet 5** by Simon Bucher-Jones & Mark Clapham [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £5.99 **Novel Doctor Who: Divided Loyalties** by Gary Russell [Fifth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa, Tegan & the Toymaker] *BBC Books* £5.99

November Mon 1 **Video boxed set Doctor Who: Planet of the Daleks/Revelation of the Daleks** [Third Doctor & Jo/Sixth Doctor & Peri] *BBC Video* £tba **Audio drama Doctor Who: Whispers of Terror** by Justin Richards [Sixth Doctor & Peri] *Big Finish* double CD £13.99/double cassette £9.99 **Novel Doctor Who: Frontier Worlds** by Peter Anghelides [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £5.99 **Novel Doctor Who: Corpse Marker** by Chris Boucher [Fourth Doctor & Leela] *BBC Books* £5.99

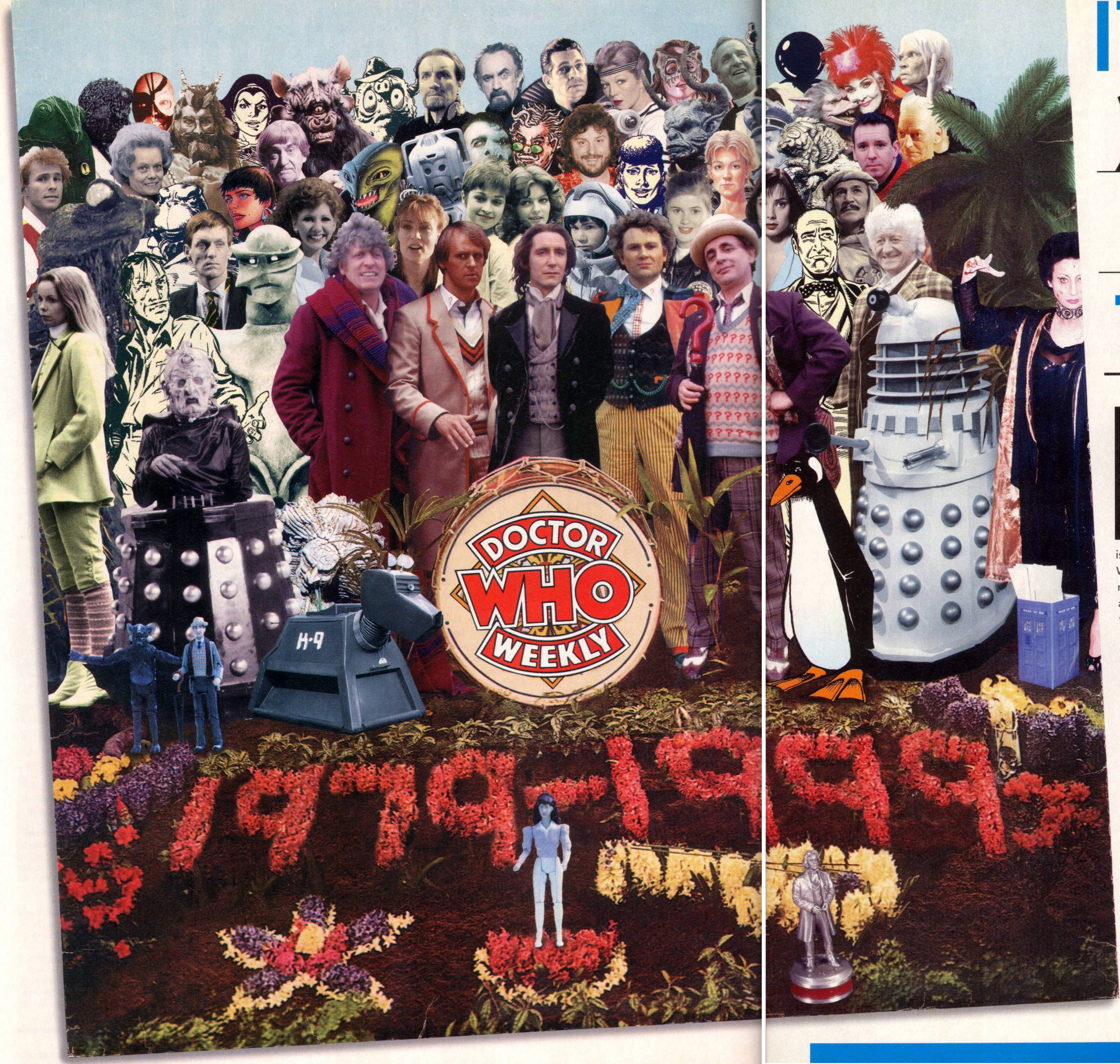
DOCTOR WHO
FRONTIER WORLDS
PETER ANGHELIDES

January 2000 Mon 3 **Video Doctor Who: The Greatest Show in the Galaxy** [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *BBC Video* £12.99 **Audio drama Doctor Who: The Land of the Dead** by Stephen Cole [Fifth Doctor & Nyssa] *Big Finish* double CD £13.99/double cassette £9.99 **Novel Doctor Who: Parallel 59** by Natalie Dallaire & Stephen Cole [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £5.99 **Novel Doctor Who: The Last of the Gadarene** by Mark Gatiss [Third Doctor, Jo & UNIT] *BBC Books* £5.99

February Mon 7 **Audio drama Doctor Who: The Fearmonger** by Jonathan Blum [Seventh Doctor & Ace] *Big Finish* double CD £13.99/double cassette £9.99 **Novel Doctor Who: The Shadows of Avalon** by Paul Cornell [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £5.99 **Novel Doctor Who: The Tomb of Valdamar** by Simon Messingham [Fourth Doctor, K9 & Romana I] *BBC Books* £5.99 **Anthology Doctor Who: Short Trips and Side Steps** edited by Stephen Cole & Jacqueline Rayner [various Doctors] *BBC Books* £tba

March Mon 6 **Video Doctor Who: The Invasion of Time** [Fourth Doctor, Leela & K9] *BBC Video* double pack £16.99 **Audio drama Doctor Who: Red Dawn** by Justin Richards [Fifth Doctor & Peri] *Big Finish* double CD £13.99/double cassette £9.99 **Novel Doctor Who: The Fall of Yquatine** by Nick Walters [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £5.99 **Novel Doctor Who: Campaign** by Jim Mortimore [First Doctor, Susan, Ian & Barbara] *BBC Books* £5.99

April Mon 3 **Audio drama Doctor Who: The Marian Conspiracy** by Jacqueline Rayner [Sixth Doctor & Evelyn] *Big Finish* double CD £13.99/double cassette £9.99 **Novel Doctor Who: Coldheart** by Trevor Baxendale [Eighth Doctor] *BBC Books* £5.99 **Novel Doctor Who: Verdigris** by Paul Magrs [Third Doctor, Jo & Iris Wildthyme] *BBC Books* £5.99



IT WAS 20 YEARS AGO TODAY . . .

Earlier this month, **Doctor Who Magazine** was officially labelled in the publishing trade press as "a phenomenon". "Precious few titles in the 'here today, gone tomorrow' world of magazine publishing," the industry commentator observed, "ever get the chance to celebrate their 20th birthday. It is a tribute to Marvel's investment in, and commitment to, the title."

But lovely though this is to hear, it is, of course, far less a tribute to the staying power of **Doctor Who Magazine** than it is to the enduring success and appeal of the very TV series it celebrates. While all at **Marvel** hope that **DWM** continues to inform and entertain readers in its own special style, we readily recognise that it is the brilliance and longevity of *Doctor Who* itself – and the loyalty and enthusiasm of its fans – that keeps us in business.

And so, on our birthday, it is not 20 years of the magazine we wish to celebrate, but two decades of *Doctor Who* and its fandom. We didn't want to merely retell the 'big story' of the development of the series – no, we wanted to tell smaller, more personal tales, illustrating what life has been like for *Doctor Who* fans since way back in October 1979.

To this end, in issue 281 we invited contributions from readers – we wanted *your* stories. Within a week of that call to arms, we found ourselves hip deep in contributions – and by the time we came to make the final selection, we had received over 800 submissions. That's something approaching half-a-million words – enough to fill 12 whole issues of **DWM**.

The task of sorting through this mound of material was long, but also great fun and highly illuminating. And while we can't, of course, print every one, **DWM** would like to extend its most heartfelt thanks to everyone who devoted so much time and energy to this project – it's greatly appreciated.

But we hope every reader can find much to identify with in the 'memories' we chose for publication. Some cover very personal moments, while others may make broader points about the changing fortunes of *Doctor Who* throughout the 1980s and 1990s, but we hope that, taken as a whole, they capture honestly the ups and downs of life as a *Doctor Who* fan over the last 20 years.

Happy times and places, indeed.

➢

Magical mystery tour

The latter half of the 1970s was a time of great change for the loyal followers of *Doctor Who*. A generation of young fans – who had previously been shacked up with their dark, secret love in splendid bedroom isolation – were turfed out of the parental home and sent to university, mothers and fathers perhaps hoping that their offspring would finally grow out of their obsession with the children's own programme that adults broadly tolerate.

But it was not to be. Instead, this journey to a new frontier brought these enthusiasts into the orbit of *other* enthusiasts for the first time since they'd left the playground. This fan flotsam coalesced into the celestial bodies of appreciation societies and local groups – and in these new environments, the first of the higher fan life form known as 'expert' or 'archivist' soon evolved.

In 1979, *Doctor Who* reached its largest-ever audience. There were millions of eager kids, minds wide open, ready to learn the key lessons in *Doctor Who* history that this first generation of fan experts were aching to teach.

Cue Jeremy Bentham. Cue **Doctor Who Weekly**.

The life of nine year-old **Andrew Lee** was never to be the same again . . .

12p
Comic Strips! Features! Pin-ups!
DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY
FANTASTIC FIRST ISSUE
THE DALEKS ARE BACK!
FREE TRANSFERS!
FREE TRANSFERS!
PLUS TWO FULL COLOUR DR WHO PANORAMAS INSIDE!
PRIZE-WINNING COMPETITION INSIDE

It is October 1979. The good Doctor has survived a war between the Movellans and the evil Daleks and is currently halfway through a time-travelling epic set in Paris. I am ill, waiting to see a Doctor of the non-time-travelling kind.

Like most nine year-olds, I am impatient and irritable. I swing my legs wildly, back and forth, and continually ask my mother, "How much longer?" She has prepared for this with a visit to the local newsagent – and, from out of her handbag, she pulls a comic. From my seat opposite her, all I can see is an advert for Bellamy's Amazing Liquorice Novelties. I jump up from my seat and eagerly tear the comic from her hands. What is it? **Spiderman**? **The Incredible Hulk**? I turn it over and look at the cover . . .

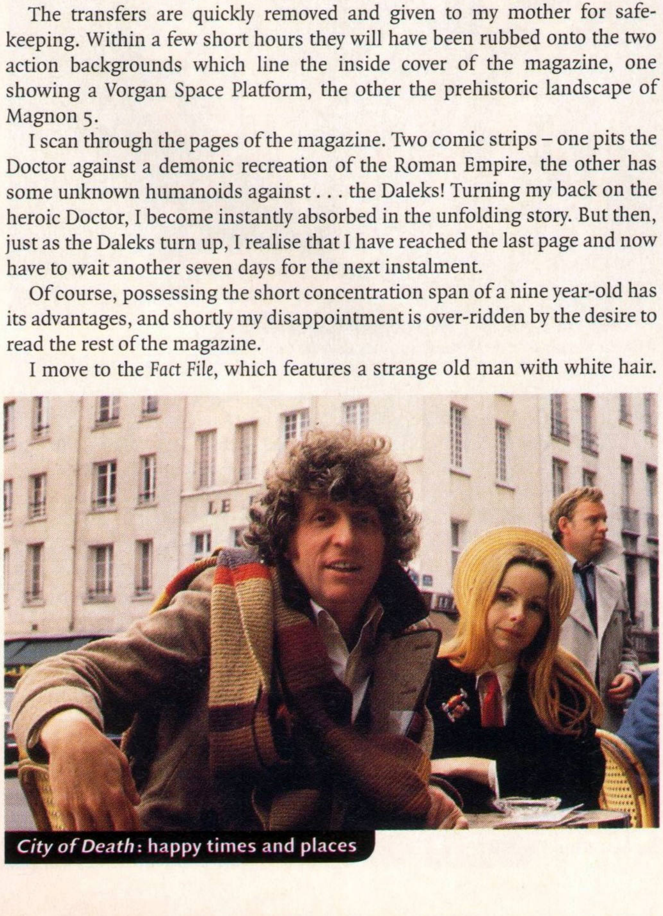
Doctor Who Weekly! Fantastic First Issue! With *Free Transfers*!

The transfers are quickly removed and given to my mother for safe-keeping. Within a few short hours they will have been rubbed onto the two action backgrounds which line the inside cover of the magazine, one showing a Vorgan Space Platform, the other the prehistoric landscape of Magnon 5.

I scan through the pages of the magazine. Two comic strips – one pits the Doctor against a demonic recreation of the Roman Empire, the other has some unknown humanoids against . . . the Daleks! Turning my back on the heroic Doctor, I become instantly absorbed in the unfolding story. But then, just as the Daleks turn up, I realise that I have reached the last page and now have to wait another seven days for the next instalment.

Of course, possessing the short concentration span of a nine year-old has its advantages, and shortly my disappointment is over-ridden by the desire to read the rest of the magazine.

I move to the *Fact File*, which features a strange old man with white hair. Slowly, realisation dawns on me that *Doctor Who* didn't start out on a space station that had been invaded by evil insects called Wirrn, but in fact was much older even than myself.


City of Death: happy times and places

Before I have a chance to read anything else, the receptionist calls my name and I'm led into the surgery, the magazine stuffed back into my mother's handbag. I'm given a prescription for some foul-tasting medicine and a jelly baby, then sent on my way.

The following week I run back to the newsagents, tightly clasping the 12 new pence that would bring me another packed issue of the magazine.

It was here that my journey down the road of fandom began. Prior to this I had never heard of *An Unearthly Child*. I hadn't known that three other actors had played the Doctor. To me, *Genesis of the Daleks* was never a contradiction, for it was the very first Dalek story that I saw.

Strangely, the magazine has matured with me. The name may have changed slightly, the price and length of time between issues may have increased but you can still guarantee that I'm the first in line when a new issue is released to the news-stands.

Thank you, **DWM**.

And lo, it came to pass that a new generation of *Doctor Who* fans discovered that their hero had a past more varied, more complex and more exciting than they had ever imagined.

While **Doctor Who Weekly** was certainly a useful primer for those trying to understand this mass of back-story, a massive audience was crying out for more and more information about the Doctor's adventures. Like *now*.

Eager to learn more, **Andrew White** recalls how a man with an unpronounceable name came to his rescue . . .

THRILLING ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE!
DOCTOR WHO WEEKLY
STARTS TODAY! THE DREAD TRUTH OF THE DALEK RISE TO POWER! EPISODE ONE "THE BEGINNING"
SKARO FELL FIRST!
NEXT STOP THE UNIVERSE!
NOW THEY THREATEN TO CONQUER ALL TIME!
EX-TER-MIN-ATE!
PLUS NEWS FEATURES AND PICTURE STRIPS!

Call it that old hunter-gatherer instinct, or just a neglected potty training, but we fans are definitely united in our obsession for finding out 'things'.

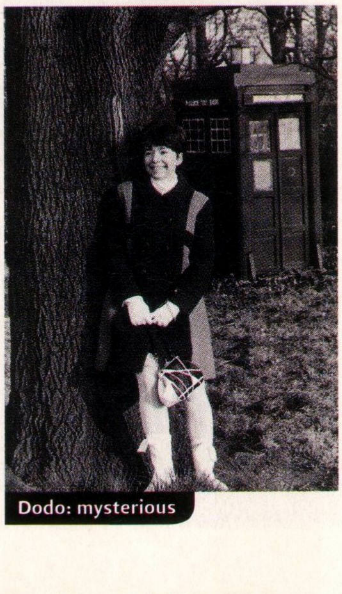
Unlike the more passive viewer, happy to sit and watch the latest helping of *Who* without being overcome by the desire to know exactly how many times the HADS were successfully employed, or in which episode reference was made to the sonic screwdriver's egg-frying attachment, the average fan's thirst for information is unquenchable.

These days, he or she is more than adequately catered for. No piece of trivia is considered too trivial for fan consumption. Once-vital information, like the exact difference in Dalek bump diameter between *Planet of the Daleks* and *Death to the Daleks*, is unlikely to impress anyone now. Should he be required to, the truly genned-up fan could reel off precise Ordnance Survey map references for the piece of hedge John Scott Martin dragged himself backwards through to achieve his unique hairstyle, no sweat. But it wasn't ever thus. It scarcely seems imaginable, but there was once a time when knowing which actors, in which order, had played the Doctor was enough to qualify you as a bona fide *Who* mastermind.

So it was manna from heaven when *The Doctor Who Programme Guide* belatedly materialised in 1981.

As an eight year-old obsessive who would scream like Bonnie Langford if forced to miss the latest instalment, the arrival of the *Programme Guide* was more exciting than an escape up a ventilation shaft. I remember the stomach-churning anticipation as I plucked this Bible-like volume – foregoing the latest Terrance Dicks in its favour – from the shelf of my local Smith's.

All through that memorable Saturday afternoon, glittering diamond-shaped vistas of *Who* history opened up before me as I feverishly skipped from *The Sensorites* to *The Sun Makers* to *Planet of the Spiders*. For someone who could only remember as far


Dodo: mysterious

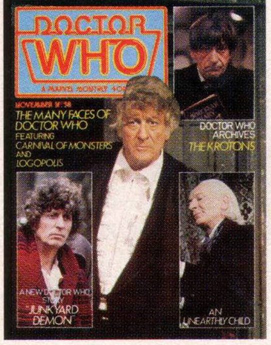
Photos: BBC Video [4] BBC [2]

back as the one where we discovered what Sarah Jane kept in her lunch box, this was like discovering a lost continent or – as my heart beat faster – those long-lost tombs of the Cybermen.

And the people there had such strange names. Steven Taylor? Sara Kingdom? Dodo? They were as mysterious to me as a bunch of starched relatives in a sepia-coloured photo, but infinitely more alluring. And as for the stories . . . The unpronounceable author may well have skimped on his synopsis ("The Doctor is captured by strange aliens in space. Using his Time Lord powers, he blows them up" covered at least a dozen forgotten classics), but that still didn't stop *The Web Planet* from sounding like the best adventure *ever*.

So, Jean-Marc Whatever-it-is, I salute you for giving us a companion as occasionally dippy but as loveable and well-meaning as Jo Grant, and for making *Doctor Who*'s dim and distant past that little bit more exciting . . .

Like some self-fulfilling prophecy, the very act of itemising *Doctor Who*'s past in print seemed to summon it to the screen once again, and 1981's *The Five Faces of Doctor Who* became the series' first season of archive repeats. While an astonishing and illuminating experience at the time, with the benefit of hindsight, **Carl Press** considers it the point that the series would turn back and begin to consume itself . . .


DOCTOR WHO
A MARVEL MONTHLY 40p
NOVEMBER № 58
THE MANY FACES OF DOCTOR WHO
FEATURING CARNIVAL OF MONSTERS AND LOGOPOLIS
DOCTOR WHO ARCHIVES THE KROTONS
A NEW DOCTOR WHO STRIP JUNKYARD DEMON
AN UNEARTHLY CHILD

Seven years had elapsed since the transmission of *Robot* in 1974. Plenty of time for whole legions of new fans to join the Doctor's adventures. For those fans Tom Baker was, always had been, and always would be, the Doctor.

My earliest memory of watching *Doctor Who* is of seeing the Doctor emerge from the fog of a Skaro battlefield in *Genesis of the Daleks*. So for me the series began with that story. I became too caught up in the unfolding adventure to worry about what may have gone before. While older fans might mutter darkly about *Genesis of the Daleks* contradicting accepted Dalek history, for the fans who joined after *Robot* that history simply didn't exist.

The end of *Logopolis* was as surprising to us as the end of *The Tenth Planet* must have been to the fans back in 1966.

A relative told me the news that Tom Baker was going to be replaced by the vet from *All Creatures Great and Small*. This led me to the firm belief that Christopher Timothy was going to take over the role. I had an image of the TARDIS being piloted by a Scotsman wearing a tank top (well, give it a few years) to such exotic locations as Brawton and Sildale.

So when our hero plunged to his doom from the Pharos Project Telescope and changed into Peter Davison, that misunderstanding added an extra layer of surprise to the story's final episode. Season 18 ended like it had started – with a shock – but a far bigger one than a change of title sequence and rearranged theme tune.

The original Doctor had been killed off – or so it seemed to those fans who were unaware of the show's past. Eight months later this last secure plank of post-*Robot* fan belief was kicked away with the *Five Faces of Doctor Who* season.

In quick succession we travelled in the company of William Hartnell to prehistoric Earth; with Patrick Troughton to a planet with two suns; with Jon Pertwee we landed on a ship trapped inside an alien machine; then he was reunited with the first two to battle fellow renegade Time Lord, Omega.

The Three Doctors: who they?

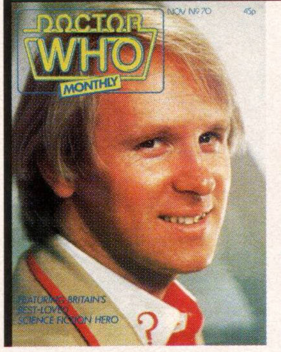
All three were the Doctor and our 'original' was merely the Doctor's fourth incarnation. The show a generation of fans thought they knew turned out to have a longer and far more complex past than most would have guessed possible.

When *Doctor Who* returned in 1982 it could never be the same. From then on the show – along with a large part of its audience – seemed more aware of its own heritage. More importantly for a show approaching its 20th anniversary, it was prepared to exploit that heritage far more intensively than at any time in the past.

Loyal viewers watching in 1982, however, would have no sense of what was to come. They had been reading avidly of the *Doctor Who*'s past triumphs, but were now haunted by a growing conviction that they had actually joined the party far too late, and had already missed the series' greatest days.

But for those unhindered by a fan education, *Doctor Who* could be as entertaining as ever. Ratings were high for Peter Davison's debut season. And when one serial offered a clever synthesis of 'classic' *Who* and slick space adventure, both devout fans and lay viewers were united in their praise.

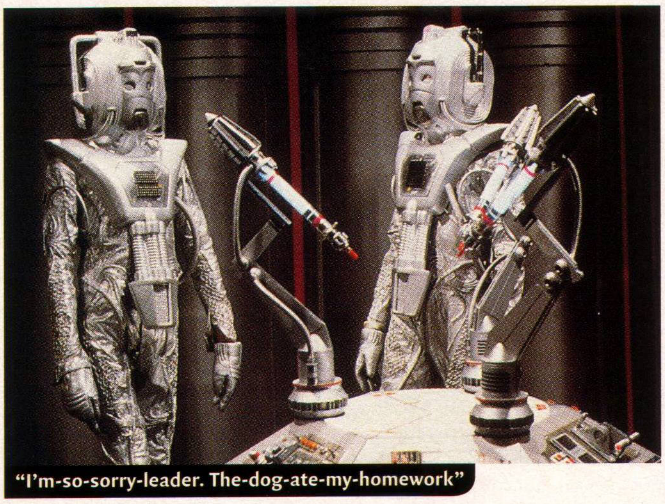
Alan Clark was there . . .



In March 1982, I was a gangling 14 year-old in my first year at high school, in love with Australian would-be air hostess Tegan Jovanka and all-American cheerleader Toni "Hey Mickey!" Basil. To everyone else in my year I was perhaps best-known for being a *Doctor Who* fan – it was virtually the only thing I talked about, and I would bombard friends and classmates with information about the series.

By and large, however, my schoolmates were fairly disparaging of the show at that time, and rather puzzled by my obsessive and excessive interest in it. Many had vague memories of the show from primary school days in the mid-1970s that I would eagerly identify and date for them, and based on those hazy childhood memories the general consensus was that the show was far better back then and was "rubbish now". It was a view that I largely went along with, and at that time my interest primarily centred around the Target books I had been reading and re-reading continuously since the late 1970s, and a certain monthly magazine.

Then, on 8 March 1982, *Earthshock* Part One aired and everything changed. It seemed to be the first 'proper' *Who* episode in years, and contained all of the elements that to me defined the show and attracted me to it in the first place. Right to its fantastic shock ending, it held the attention of this viewer in a way an episode of *Who* hadn't done in a long, long time. It was like my faith had finally been repaid, and I spent the rest of the evening on a high. I remember the **DWM** review of the time talked of the show recapturing something it had lost; it seemed to sum up exactly how I felt.


"I'm-so-sorry-leader. The-dog-ate-my-homework"

That episode changed things at school, too. Before Maths the following morning, everyone was already talking about *Doctor Who* when I arrived. Up until that time any mention of the show had to be instigated by me or, at least, by my presence. Yet here people were talking about it willingly, and the general consensus was that it was the first episode that had been any good for ages. *Doctor Who* was in vogue again, and – at least for a few weeks – everyone would talk about the show. Schoolmates began to ask questions, apparently with genuine interest rather that with the heavy hint of sarcasm that had previously accompanied any enquiries. It was like they finally saw why I was into *Doctor Who*.

There was a price to pay for this increased interest, however. Alleged physical similarities between myself (tall, thin, with jug-handle ears sticking out) and the Cybermen, allied to my obsessive interest in the show, meant that I acquired the less-than flattering new nickname of 'Clarky the Cyberman' for the rest of the year.

Looking back, I think *Earthshock* was/is so significant to me because it was the last time I recall my peers being 'with me' on *Doctor Who* – rather than viewing my interest as something somehow abnormal. It seemed to be the last time the show truly belonged to everyone – its 'final fling' as a genuine, mainstream part of the British way of life, before it became a 'cult' and the precious property of a minority. *Earthshock* may have lumbered me with a dodgy new nickname – but it was worth it.

Although the technology had been around for some time, it was the consumer electronics boom of the early 1980s that brought the video recorder to the lounges of suburbia.

Few were more excited about this innovation than *Doctor Who* fans. **James Griffiths** in particular . . .

THE OFFICIAL
DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
THE MAGAZINE OF TIME AND SPACE
MORE COLOUR PAGES
THE NEW SEASON
AFTER 20 YEARS OF TRAVEL THROUGH TIME AND SPACE THE DOCTOR RETURNS TO YOUR SCREENS IN WARRIORS OF THE DEEP
WE INTERVIEW
ALIAS LEELA
PLUS LOTS MORE!
BONUS! GIANT PULL-OUT FULL COLOUR POSTER BY DOCTOR WHO ARTIST ANDREW SKILLETER

In 1983 my life changed. The previous year I'd spent most of my days hunched over a small tape player, struggling to decipher the sounds of my favourite stories from Season 20. The recordings left a lot to be desired. My copy of *Snakedance* featured a heavy monotonous clanging courtesy of the workmen who were building a patio outside the back door. *Enlightenment* was marred by the sound of its most enthusiastic viewer munching loudly on a huge bag of crisps. *The King's Demons* battled it out against a telephone conversation my mother was having in the corner of the living room. These tapes were a less-than-ideal way of endlessly reliving the magic, but they were all I had, and I fed off them voraciously.

Then, one week before the first broadcast of *The Five Doctors*, my technophobic parents experienced a sudden, blinding moment of irrationality and went out and bought a video. Things would never be the same again.

I still remember the moment vividly. It was like a religious experience. I finished watching *The Five Doctors* then stopped the tape and hit rewind. Pressed play. Moments before I'd been watching the concluding scene of the story, and now here I was back at the beginning, staring wide-eyed at William Hartnell's opening soliloquy, groping my way back into my armchair as the title sequence kicked in. It was a pivotal moment in my life as a fan, and the excitement was overwhelming. As I watched the opening scene between the Doctor and Tegan unfold I felt an almost supernatural surge of power. This was it. This was the big one. I had a *Doctor Who* story on video and I could watch it all the way through again. And again. Forever and ever.

Not only that, but there was a new season starting in a few months and I would be able to video all the new stories and watch them over and over as well. My days of listening to audio copies ruined by the sounds of domestic chaos were over.

There were initial teething problems. I was devastated to find I had misset the video for Part Three of *Warriors of the Deep* and recorded some sort of news programme. I tried to edit *Revelation of the Daleks* together like a feature film and inadvertently cut out the cliffhanger. But soon I was making flawless off-air copies and watching them around the clock. When I was forced to stay off school for a fortnight with tonsillitis, I managed to watch *The Awakening every morning* for two weeks – and I never got sick of it.

My days of innocent enjoyment were over. Along with a whole generation of *Doctor Who* fans who were just starting out on the rocky road of obsessive critical analysis, I now had a video recorder and all the time in the world to pick my favourite programme to pieces.

The memory would never be able to cheat again . . . **DWM**

Release the Warriors. Again and again. Forever and ever

A day in the life

The time April 1983
The place Longleat House, Wiltshire
The occasion *The Doctor Who Celebration Twenty Years of a Time Lord*
Eyewitness Paul Cornell

My Mum and Dad booked a pitch on the Longleat caravan site for the 20th anniversary celebration of *Doctor Who*. Picture me: a 16 year-old fanboy in a cricket jumper, whose Mum had to persuade him that wearing celery was wrong. Longleat was the chance for me to meet Paul West, the fanzine editor who'd given me a regular column (in *Cygnus Alpha*) because I wrote to him asking for one. He, and a cluster of other thin and serious young men in black coats, sat around the caravan's dining table, talking about the ancient television series I was staying up late to watch. Mum and Dad looked on – as parents have always looked on at such epic meetings – thinking we were all so young, while I was thinking the others were all so old.

The Longleat event was designed for around 300 people. The 30,000 who arrived broke down the organisation, the barriers, the turf. Paul West was close to the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society Executive, who ruled the world back then. I kept beside him during the battle, because as people snuck under tent flaps to see Patrick Troughton, as Tom Baker marched imperiously through a crowd that could have killed him by plucking at his coat, as parents complained and babies screamed and you could see the roads on the way in were full of unmoving cars, Paul was walking the path of a man in the know.

I bid a pound for the Key to Time, I bought fanzines – the shock of reading which expanded my mind to the point my nose should have bled – and my friend Miles asked Sarah Sutton what she was doing that evening. She was wearing pristine green wellies. The postcard of her in her underwear was released that day.

The guest panels were held in tents and hothouses, and you could smell the mud and the hormones and the celery. There was a hysteria that came from there being so many of us, so unexpectedly: it was our Woodstock. A BBC Enterprises man flung signed postcards to the masses to see us scramble in the mud, and we did. And the horror of it all was that I spent an age in the video tent, seeing episodes I had only dreamed of. And that was just as head-spinning.

Sarah Sutton was wearing pristine green wellies. My friend Miles asked her what she was doing that evening

Afterwards, Paul led me and my Mum and Dad to the nearby establishment where John Nathan-Turner was holding his post-Longleat party with the DWAS Exec. I wore my cricket jumper. My Dad looked uneasily at the gathering and asked if these were really the sort of people I wanted to get mixed up with.

Before the caravan left the site, Paul looked right and left and handed me a battered old video cassette which, it turned out, was a ninth generation copy of *The Monster of Peladon* from New Zealand.

As sometimes happens to kids at concerts, discos, and churches, I had been given a glimpse, shown the way in.

Initiated.

Destiny of the Daleks

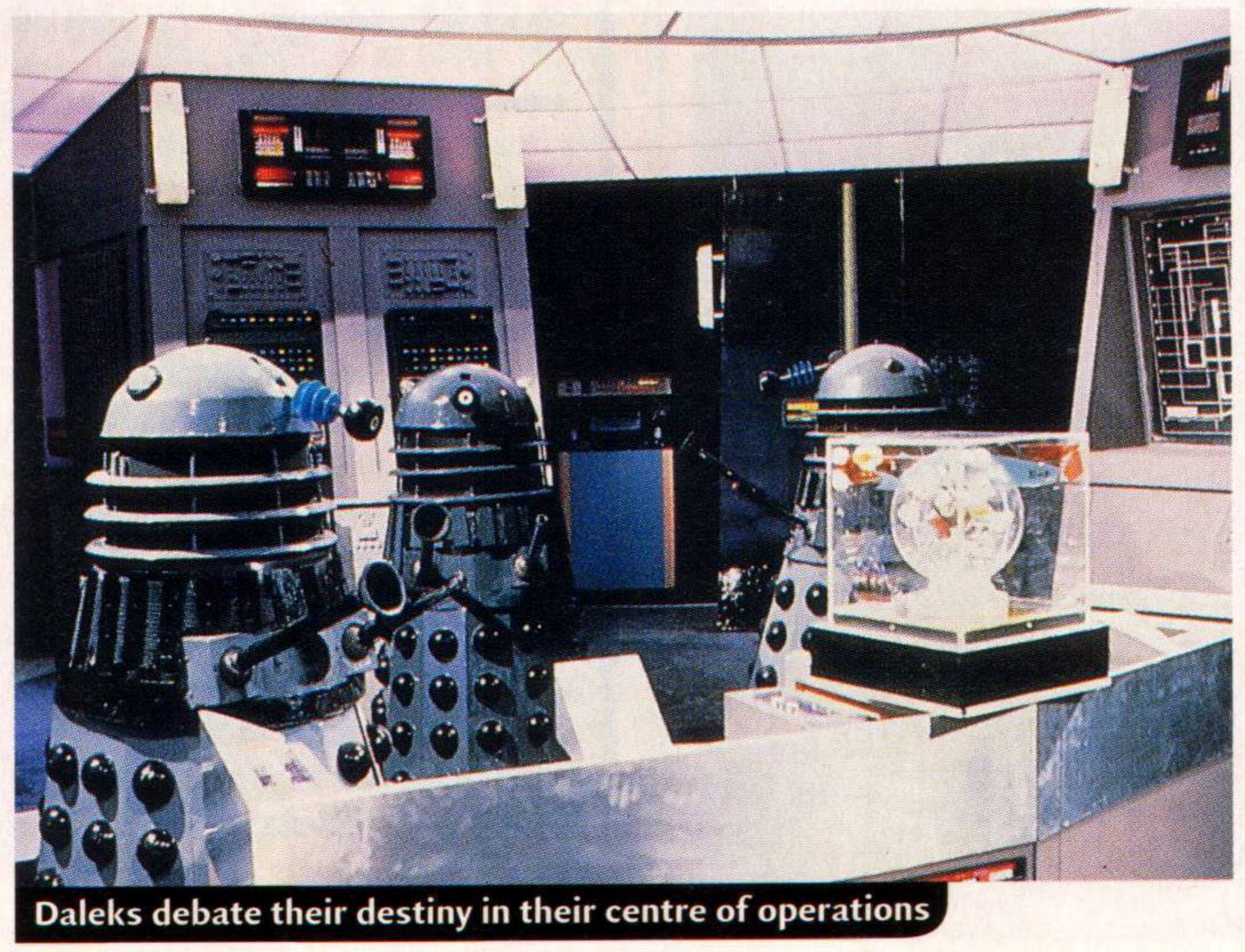
Twenty years ago this month, the Doctor was battling his mortal enemies on BBC1 – and gathering a record number of viewers, too. Andrew Pixley sifts through the facts . . .

EPISODE ONE

While the Doctor attends to K9's laryngitis, Romana regenerates into the form of Princess Astra. The TARDIS materialises on a rocky planet with a radioactive atmosphere. Having taken anti-radiation tablets, the Doctor and Romana venture outside, and are exploring some ruins when underground explosions rock the terrain. They see a burial party of gaunt figures laying a dead Kantrian to rest; soon after, a spaceship appears overhead, and the pair watch it bury itself in the sandy surface. The explosions begin again; taking refuge in a blockhouse, the Doctor is pinioned by a falling concrete pillar. Romana returns to the TARDIS to fetch K9, only to find her way into the ship blocked by falling debris. She is followed by a silent, gaunt figure.

The Doctor is rescued by three beautiful humanoids in white uniforms who lift the pillar with incredible strength. These are the Movellans, who take him to their newly-arrived spaceship, where Commander Sharrel explains that they have a mission on this planet – Skaro.

Romana returns to the blockhouse to find that the Doctor has vanished. The gaunt man advances on her and, backing away, she falls down a shaft into underground tunnels. A wall nearby starts vibrating, and three Daleks burst through to trap her: "You are our prisoner!"



Daleks debate their destiny in their centre of operations

EPISODE TWO

Romana is interrogated by the Daleks; they determine that she is no threat and put her to work with other humanoid slaves in a mining party. Overdue for her anti-radiation capsules, she collapses, apparently dead.

The Doctor learns from Sharrel that the Movellan mission is directed against the Daleks. The gaunt man who confronted Romana is brought in as a prisoner; he identifies himself as Starship Engineer Tyssan from Earth. Escaping from the slave party, he had seen Romana's capture. The Doctor is curious to know the purpose of the Daleks' mining operations on their home planet and heads for Dalek control, accompanied by Sharrel, Tyssan and two Movellans, Lan and Agella.

Descending the shaft, the party enter the deserted control room. The Doctor sees maps of the old Kaled city, but these lack details of the lower levels. Lan, who is guarding the corridor outside, is exterminated by Dalek patrols, and the rest of the party only narrowly manage to escape back up the shaft. The Doctor knows another way into the lower levels through the ruins; *en route* they find Romana, who explains that she had stopped her hearts to feign death.

While Sharrel returns to his ship, the rest of the group descend into the lower levels where they locate the Daleks' objective – the cobweb-encrusted form of their creator, Davros. As the Daleks start to break through, Agella is crushed beneath falling debris. Un-noticed by the Doctor, Romana and Tyssan, Davros returns to life . . .

EPISODE THREE

Davros is soon confronted by the Doctor, who determines to keep him away from the beings he created thousands of years ago; Davros has been in suspended animation. The Daleks track the group's footprints using infra-red. Despatching Tyssan and Romana to bring help from the Movellans, the Doctor holds Davros in a small room and engages in a stand-off with an explosive stolen from Dalek control. Davros raves that he is still determined his creations will conquer all. The Daleks summon forth a slave party, exterminating the prisoners one-by-one until the Doctor surrenders. The illogical fact that the Doctor is prepared to sacrifice himself to kill Davros forces the Daleks to release the slaves, giving the Doctor time to escape.

Romana is separated from Tyssan by a lone Dalek, but manages to reach the Movellan ship, where Sharrel is watching pictures of Davros. The Movellans are interested in the Doctor when they learn he is a robotics expert; Romana is stunned by Agella and Lan, who have seemingly returned from the dead. Sharrel gives orders for a Nova Device to be tested within a protective shield on the planet's surface; the Device could burn up Skaro's atmosphere.

The Doctor meets up with Tyssan as both are captured by a Movellan guard; overpowering the 'woman', the Doctor reveals that the Movellans are robots. On the plains, the Doctor sees the protective shield of the Nova Device, with the unconscious form of Romana inside it. He struggles to open the shield as the countdown continues: 33 . . . 32 . . . 31 . . .

EPISODE FOUR

The Doctor is stunned by the Movellans, who had not armed the Device; both the Doctor and Romana are taken back to the ship. The Movellan and Dalek battle fleets have been locked in a logical impasse for centuries because of their computers, a fact simultaneously communicated to Davros via a Dalek computersphere and to the Doctor by Sharrel; both sides need a random element to gain the advantage. The Movellans hope that the Nova Device will prevent Davros from leaving Skaro; meanwhile, Davros arms a Dalek suicide squad with high explosives, intending to destroy the Movellan ship and prevent them taking the Doctor.

Tyssan has located the freed slaves and they lead an attack on the ship, adjusting tubes on the Movellans' belts to make the robots subservient. Gaining control of Agella and Lan, they take over the ship, freeing the Doctor and Romana; the Doctor disables the Movellans with a blast from his dog whistle. Sharrel makes for the Nova Device, but is stopped by Romana – who kicks his arm off.

The Doctor returns to Dalek control, where he manages to overpower the lone Dalek guard – and soon tricks Davros into detonating the explosives on the suicide squad before it can reach the Movellan ship. Tyssan and the prisoners prepare to leave Skaro in the captured spaceship, taking Davros in cryogenic suspension with them, so that he can stand trial for his crimes. The Doctor and Romana clear their way to the TARDIS, the Doctor revealing that it is his ability to make mistakes which helps him win the day.

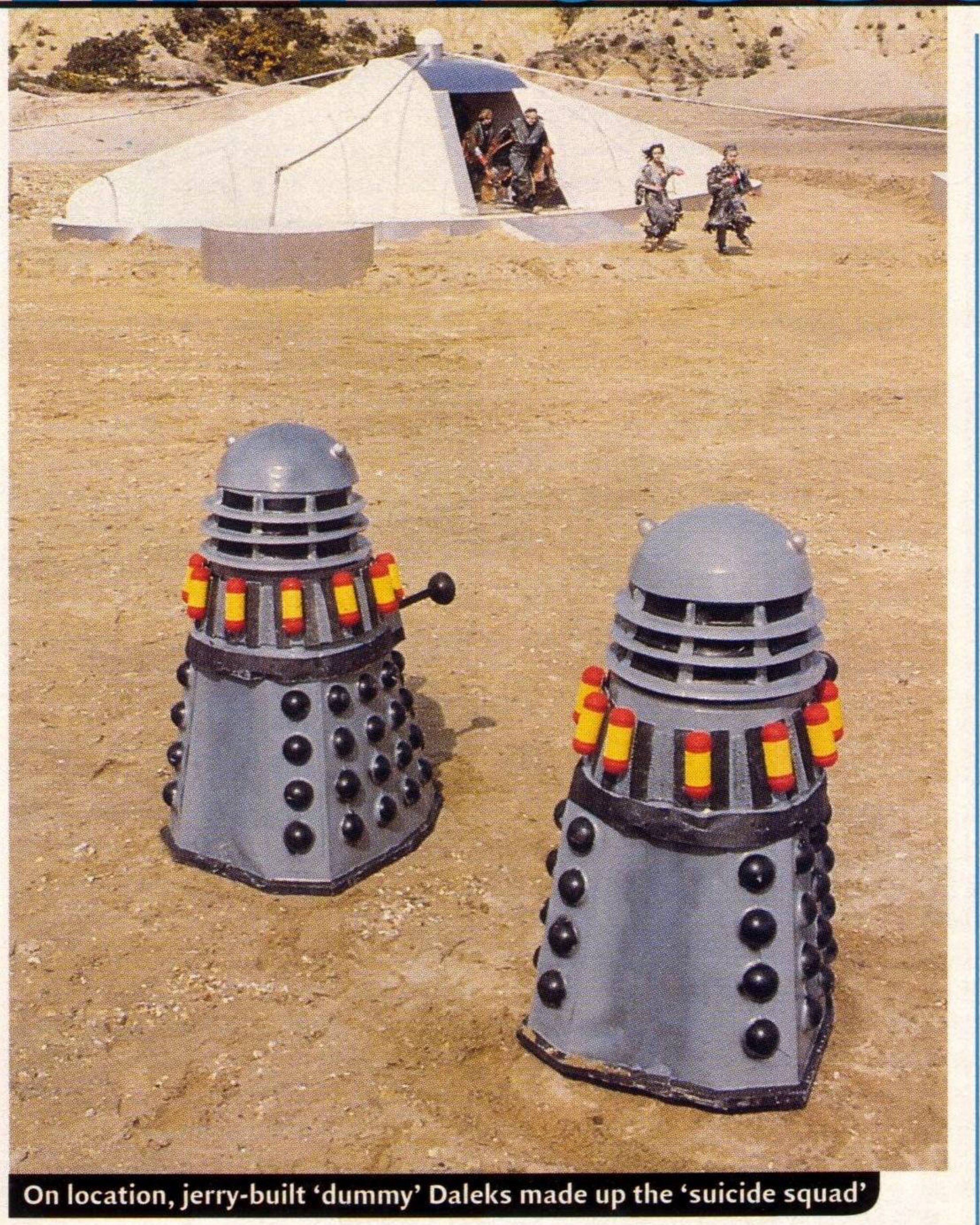
'You don't look a day older'

In the ruins, Davros comes back to life after thousands of years.

DAVROS So . . . the long darkness has ended . . . An eternity of waiting is over. The resurrection has come as I always knew it would. Now, where are my Daleks? [*Davros moves out of the side room and sees the Doctor, Romana and Tyssan*] Doctor!
DOCTOR Davros! You don't look a day older and I'd hoped you were dead.
DAVROS Dead!? I do not die. Mark this moment, Doctor. In the history of the universe, this moment is unique! Davros lives!
DOCTOR Yes, well I can see your long rest hasn't done anything to cure your megalomania. Have a jelly baby.

From **Destiny of the Daleks** Episode Three by Terry Nation

In Production



On location, jerry-built 'dummy' Daleks made up the 'suicide squad'

Producer Graham Williams decided in Autumn 1978 that – in a move away from the Time Lord mythology which had been a feature of the preceding Key to Time season – *Doctor Who*'s forthcoming 17th season would see the return of the Doctor's arch-enemies, the Daleks. Aware that over-exposure diminished the creatures' impact, Williams had not used the Daleks in his first two years, but recognised that they were highly popular – and had not featured in the series since *Genesis of the Daleks*, in 1975.

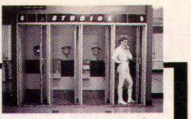
The Daleks' creator, Terry Nation, was first approached by Williams and his script editor, Douglas Adams, in November 1978. Nation agreed to the Daleks' return, provided he could write the scripts himself – which caused problems, due to Nation's other writing commitments. Nation's last *Doctor Who* script had been *The Android Invasion*, written in the spring of 1975; since September 1975, he had been working on a new BBC 'space opera', *Blake's* 7. Nation wrote all of *Blake's* 7's first season, plus three episodes for the second, over the next three years. He was also to have written two other scripts, which were dropped from the schedules; late in 1978, he'd suggested that the Daleks were due to appear in *Blake's* 7. By November, Nation was in the midst of reformatting *Blake's* 7 for its third season, and would not be able to start on his Dalek serial immediately. However, he hoped to complete the assignment quickly at the start of 1979, before writing the first two instalments of *Blake's* 7's Season C.

Adams and Williams discussed ideas with Nation, and happened to mention a short SF story by Isaac Asimov in which two space fleets are locked in a stand-off, each attempting to use computers to out-manoeuvre the other. The result is logical stalemate, resolved by the random action of one side. (Williams also referred to the notion having coming from a movie he had seen, apparently called *Stalemate*.) One aspect of the current *Doctor Who* line-up that Nation had no intention of using was K9. Although very popular, the robot dog was potential competition for Nation's Daleks, and Nation disliked using other peoples' characters.

Nation wanted to reuse the character of Davros, the Daleks' creator, whom he had introduced in *Genesis of the Daleks*; he had enjoyed Michael Wisher's portrayal of the crippled scientist, and felt Davros helped to vary 'boring' Dalek dialogue. Not wanting to make the same mistake he had made in 1963, in killing the Daleks off at the end of their first serial, Nation had carefully written

Photos: BBC Video [17]

SCRIPTING The Movellans



Terry Nation's Episode One script introduced two of the Movellans: "A very handsome man and a beautiful woman, Lan and Agelia [sic] respectively . . . They wear attractive but practical space uniforms. Each is carrying a hand weapon." The Movellan Spacecraft Flightdeck and its occupants were described as: "Gleaming white in its shadowless light . . . beautiful in its spare functional simplicity . . . staffed by uniformed Movellans. It is characteristic of the Movellans that both men and women are extremely attractive. None seems to be more than thirty and they show no signs of ageing or stress. They are all polite, quietly spoken. We see some of the Movellans taking silver tubes (rather the size and shape of Smarties tubes) from a computerised dispenser. These slot into holders built into the belts they wear . . . several of the Movellans, after taking their silver tubes, don headphones and watch symbols and light patterns flickering over a large television screen." Commander Sharrel was described as: "Extremely good looking, confident, charming with an easy smile."

the conclusion of *Genesis of the Daleks* so that Davros was never actually seen to be dead. It had been stated in World Distributors' 1977 *Terry Nation's Dalek Annual 1978* that Davros' wheelchair housed a life-support system which could keep him alive (although Nation had written in the St Michaels' 1976 *Doctor Who and the Daleks Omnibus* that Davros' brain was at the centre of Skaro's artificial moon, Falkus). Therefore it was necessary that the Daleks, who had rebelled against Davros in the earlier serial, should have a purpose in returning to find him.

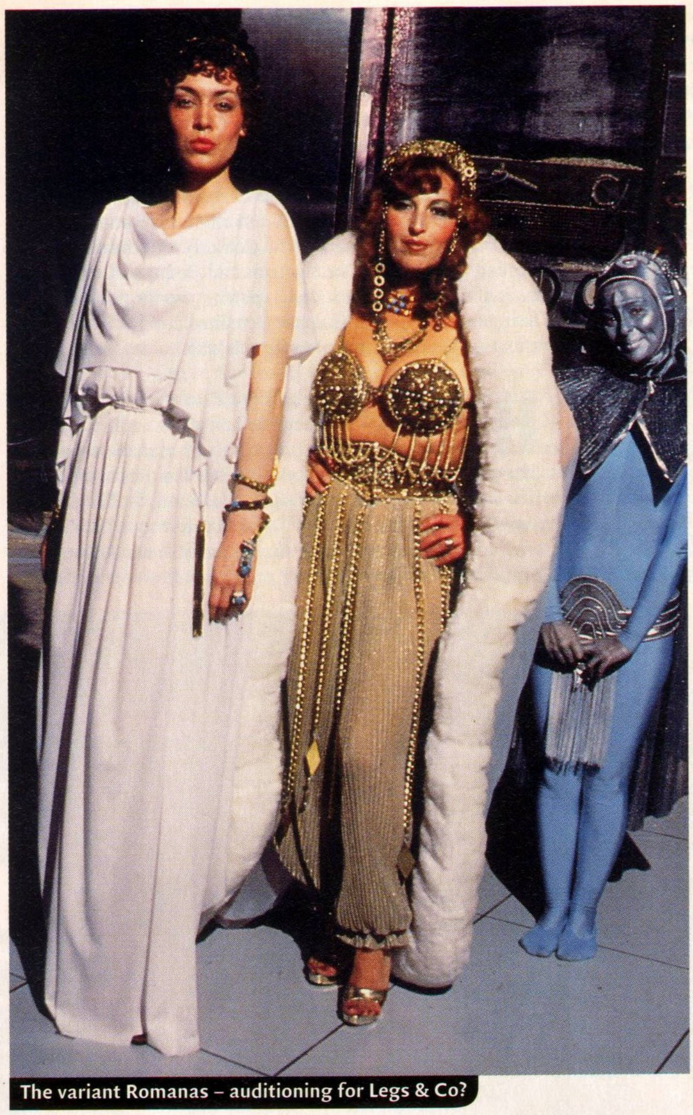
Broadly speaking, the new storyline, *Destiny of the Daleks*, followed the narrative of the broadcast programmes. Here, the barren planet on which the TARDIS randomly lands is shrouded in darkness. The dead humanoid found by the Doctor and Romana hailed from the planet Tihran, and had been "a Space Major serving in the Tihranean third Galactic fleet". When the Doctor becomes trapped beneath the fallen column, he suggests that Romana returns to the TARDIS to "fetch some lifting gear"; Romana is then followed by a "skeletal, white ghost like figure". With a rockfall blocking the way to the TARDIS (a plot device originally used in Nation's 1964 script *The Dalek Invasion of Earth: World's End*), the door can only open a fraction: "Romana has a brief conversation with K9 now trapped inside. He reminds her that she must shortly take the next dose of anti-radiation tablets." The Doctor is reading his book when he looks up to see "four beautiful women. (Petrans)". Believing she is pursued, Romana "moves in to hiding only to be terrified by a slithering green blob that undulates on her shoulder. (The creature that the original Daleks mutated into without the protection of their machines)." Confronted by her gaunt pursuer, Romana runs and crashes through some bushes, falling down a steep shaft. Meanwhile, in the spaceship, the Doctor talks to his amiable captors, "the beautiful Petran women" – and insists that he should be allowed to search for Romana, setting off with a Petran escort.

In Part Two, the Doctor and his escort meet a Petran scouting party, which has located the centre of Dalek operations. Intrigued by the Daleks' presence, the Doctor demands to know about their mission – and returns to the spaceship to talk to the Petran Commander. The prisoner brought in by the Petran patrol is the figure who had followed Romana – Valtan, an "escapee from the Dalek slave labour force". The Doctor learns the Petran plan from the Commander: "The Petrans and the Daleks have been engaged in a massive space war for the last seven years. Both sides are evenly matched . . . The Petran intelligence services learned that the Daleks were sending a mission to Skaro. It is the Commander's job to find out what they are up to. To turn it to the Petrans advantage, to stop it, or be prepared to act as a suicide mission if all else fails, to destroy themselves, the Daleks and the whole planet." The Doctor has, by now, realised why the Daleks are present, but reveals nothing. After the Doctor and Valtan penetrate the Dalek control room, the Doctor sees Romana's 'corpse' being carried away for burial: "Dazed he steps out of hiding. He says Romana's name. The corpse sits up sharply. Her escape plan is going wrong. Great confusion . . . Some Petrans are killed . . . the alarm is raised and a massive hunt is mounted by the Daleks." On discovering Davros, the Doctor finds that neither body nor chair were "damaged by the explosion centuries earlier . . . the Daleks have concluded that some element in their original design was not perfected. Only in Davros' life support chair with its built in computer memory, is the information on the missing circuitry. The Daleks believe that with this new circuitry they will be able to win the space war against the Petrans."

Part Three sees the Doctor and Davros separated from the rest of the party as they aim to reach the Petran ship. After getting the slaves free, the Doctor tells them to make for the Petran vessel. Having left the booby-trapped Davros with the Daleks, he holds the remote detonator: "For a tortured moment of conscience he debates pressing the plunger. He presses the detonator. Too late." Romana has told the Petran Commander about the Doctor's skills, whereupon: "Unheard by Romana [the Commander] orders her force to find and bring in the Doctor." The Doctor's escape from the Daleks is hampered by his helping an injured slave; he is cornered by the Daleks, only to be saved by the Petran force – who take him prisoner. He escapes again, and is hunted by both sides. Romana learns that she is a hostage and that the Petrans are no better than the Daleks: "In an attempt to escape Romana fights with one of the Petrans and is horrified to discover that they are androids." In the cliffhanger, the Doctor hides from a Petran patrol who hold Romana bound and gagged: "The Commander uses a loud speaker to call into the night. She knows the Doctor can hear her. He will give himself up immediately. He has ten seconds. The Commander presses a gun against Romana's head and begins to count."

In Part Four, the Doctor gives himself up when the count reaches three and is taken prisoner; meanwhile, a ship departs from the Dalek fleet, *en route* to pick up Davros and the six surviving Daleks. The Petran Commander orders one of her depleted force to set the Nova Device to destroy the planet. Valtan's force prepares to face the advancing Daleks, but the Doctor "grabs Davros' detonator. Races out with it. Reaches a position to see the Daleks and Valtan's men about

Movellans Agella and Lan – auditioning for Legs & Co?



The variant Romanas – auditioning for Legs & Co?

to engage. He presses the detonator and the Daleks blow up spectacularly." Valtan's men clear the TARDIS door, and the Doctor suggests Valtan's group leave in the Petran ship, taking Davros with them in order to "turn him over to Earth scientists who can learn a great deal from him about the Daleks. Davros is taken off screaming that the Daleks will live for ever. Nothing can finally destroy them. Entering the Tardis the Doctor reluctantly agrees."

The serial's commissioning was delayed until Wednesday 20 December. It was scheduled third in production order, allowing time for script revisions; however, the story would be broadcast first, a Dalek serial being thought a strong way to open the season against the ITV opposition.

Nation's target delivery date was Friday 19 January 1979; the writer delivered his draft scripts exactly one week later. These included references back to *Genesis of the Daleks*, regarding the Kaled city and Davros' apparent demise; mention was also made of the Supreme Dalek, which had featured in *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* and other William Hartnell Dalek serials, plus the anti-radiation drugs needed to survive on the surface of Skaro, as per the original Dalek serial.

In the script for Episode One, the TARDIS lands at night, during a thunderstorm (all location scenes were intended to be filmed at night). After first hearing sounds of drilling, the Doctor ('Doctor Who' in stage directions) asks Romana, "Anything broken?" "Only my nerve," she replies. The 'zombie' funeral party comprised "Four 'Men' and Two 'Women' . . . All Six are humanoid, but as we shall see when we meet them later, they are from different planets and all have different alien characteristics. All wear clothes that might once have been uniforms . . . The most startling feature that they have in common is that they are totally white. White from head to foot, adding to their ghostly aspect." The corpse belonged to Major Dal Garrant, a Kantrian, prompting Romana to comment that she has studied the tropical paradise of Kantra; "A trifle too humid for my taste, but quite attractive," says the Doctor. Tyssan (the renamed Valtan) was a "quite frightening figure . . . A tall gaunt man with staring eyes and skeletal hands . . . Like the members of the burial party he is totally white."

Originally, the scene in which the Doctor talks to the Movellans (as the Petrans had been renamed) aboard their ship opened Episode Two; only Lan and Agella had appeared in Episode One. When interrogated by the Daleks, Romana was to be "standing, or rather leaning against an inclined board . . . The invisible force that has been holding Romana in position is switched off and she is able to stand upright." The Dalek bombs were described as having "a timing mechanism built into its top. Like beer cans, they are fastened in 'six packs'". The Doctor was to carry a burning torch as he leads the way into the Ruined Underground Area in Episode Two; confronted by "a virtual wall of spiders' web", the Doctor "touches the flame of his torch to it. It flares away, leaving a gaping opening. All four of them stare in tense silent reaction. Reverse to show Davros. He is slumped in his chair, trails of web draped round him and it." Davros was to be brought back to life when "Tyssan, looking about, accidentally knocks slightly against Davros' chair" – following which Davros was to be seen "slowly, frighteningly coming to life, gradually sitting erect . . . The fingers flex, the head lifts. The mouth moves. The eye glows."

The Episode Three Spacecraft Flight Deck scene in which Davros is identified as the Daleks' creator was to be accompanied by images which "have been relayed from video camera circuits in Agella's eyes", later noted as "turning and twisting the image around three dimensionally." Where Romana sees that Agella and Lan have returned to life, the script indicated: "Super over Romana's face virtually subliminal flashbacks from Scenes 17 and 23 Episode Two. Agella's death beneath the rubble and Lan's dead body in the tunnel" (despite the fact that Romana was not aware of Lan's death). The scene where the Doctor finds the Kaled mutant was written differently; hiding in a crevice from two Daleks, the Doctor was to discover "a green jelly like blob. The size of a plate, it undulates onto his wrist and starts up his arm . . . The 'blob' has now reached the Doctor's shoulder and is close to his face . . . The Doctor rolls out from his hiding place and with a gesture of disgust and loathing pulls the blob from his shoulder and hurls it back into the crevice." The Movellan which the Doctor and Tyssan overpower was originally male; when his 'Smarties' tube-like power pack is removed, "his arms and legs flail around slowly like a beetle's".

'Romana's regeneration was jokey – but the whole concept of regeneration is jokey!'

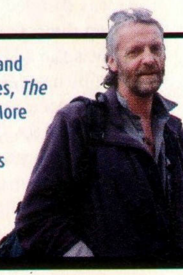
Graham Williams

Nation noted that the games of scissors-stone-paper the Doctor plays in Episode Four to demonstrate logical thinking could "continue for as long as it seems dramatically interesting." Versus Sharrel, the Doctor "deliberately forms paper with one hand and scissors with the other. To emphasise what he intends to do to the Dalek fleet he mimes cutting the paper with the scissors." When Davros learns of the events which have taken place during his dormant period, the computersphere he uses was to send him into a trance. The suicide squad comprised six Daleks. Dialogue shared by the Doctor and Romana as they await the ship's launch was shortened; the Doctor remarks that his escape plan didn't get off the ground, to which Romana was to reply, "Well we will if you don't do something quickly." When Lan fails to respond to Agella's signals: "The word Lan comes out onto the screen, then the screen goes blank." At the climax of Tyssan's attack on the Movellan ship, the Doctor was to fight his way to the computer beneath the screen: "He punches a few buttons. A brilliant light appears on the screen and a jagged high pitched note whistles through the air. All the Movellans still wearing head-phones seize up in the robotic equivalent of agony. Their faces crack up. They collapse." The Doctor was then to commented that the Movellans' tubes were "a mind that can be changed with a screwdriver." Romana did not kick Sharrel's arm off in their final battle.

Adams heavily rewrote aspects of the scripts to bring the show within

DIRECTOR Ken Grieve

Scots director Ken Grieve intended to become a lecturer in philosophy before entering the television industry as a cameraman. After making a film, he undertook some directing jobs, later at Granada Television, where he worked on series such as *World in Action*, *Coronation Street* and *The XYY Man* before going freelance around 1977. Prior to *Destiny of the Daleks*, his only *Doctor Who* serial, he had only worked for the BBC on editions of *Play for Today*, plus a BBC Scotland paranormal series, *The Omega Factor*. More recently, he has worked on series such as *Bugs*, *Cadfael* and *Kavanagh QC*.



VISUAL EFFECTS The Daleks

The seven Dalek casings used in *Genesis of the Daleks* were found in the BBC Visual Effects store; three of these had survived from the 1960s, while others were rougher models made for *Planet of the Daleks*. Two of these 1970s models were too badly damaged to use, but producer Graham Williams had told visual effects designer Peter Logan that there were insufficient funds to build more. The lower section of the most damaged 1960s Daleks was cut up to make a mould for some new vacuum-formed props. In the end, four main operating Daleks were used: a *Planet of the Daleks* prop, the two 1960s Daleks, plus a *Planet of the Daleks* upper body on a new skirt section. The lights, eyes and guns were refurbished; three Daleks were painted a bluish grey while the fourth was a gun-metal grey. The interchangeable domes incorporated a new swivel mechanism. A number of lightweight vacuum-formed Daleks were also made by Logan: these, which featured predominantly on location, were the props blown up in Episode Four (and were almost thown out as junk by the contractor taking them back to London, but were salvaged for use in studio). The working Daleks taken on location arrived back to London in a dilapidated state. One Dalek appeared on *Blue Peter* on Thursday 21 June, where it was compared to a fan-made Dalek; extracts from *The Dalek Invasion of Earth: The Daleks* and *Genesis of the Daleks* Part Six were shown, and the new serial was promoted under the title *The Destiny of Doctor Who and the Daleks*. Another two Daleks were needed for an internal BBC educational programme, recorded in the last week of June, in which the Daleks exterminate a Minister. The Daleks were, therefore, very battered by the time of the studio recordings.

budget, penning the opening TARDIS scenes in which Romana regenerates as a parody of the scene in Tom Baker's debut, *Robot*, where the Doctor tries on many different costumes before settling on his regular outfit. These had intentionally been left unwritten by Nation, who saw such continuity as the script editor's job. Because former Romana Mary Tamm was now visibly pregnant, there was no question of her acting out a scene in which she was 'regenerated' into Lalla Ward. The new Romana was referred to as the "Lalla Ward Model"; reference was made back to Ward's debut serial, *The Armageddon Factor*, and how Romana has modelled herself on Princess Astra of Atrios. The Doctor knows this is Romana when he stares at her "with a Time Lord's facility for recognising other Time Lords no matter what their outward appearance". Romana then became a "Short Girl" who still spoke in Ward's/Romana's voice, a "Tall Girl" and an "Alien Girl". Finally: "Another girl enters. She is wearing a long dark brown velvet coat, boots, an absurdly long multicoloured scarf and a big floppy hat which comes down over her eyes and hides her face"; although this is the "Princess Astra body again", it was felt that the Doctor's egocentrism would compel him to approve of someone who dresses like himself. This scene also re-iterated the Doctor's use of the TARDIS' randomiser, as fitted in *The Armageddon Factor*. When the Doctor fits K9's brain in reverse, the robot was to "rush around backwards making rasping whirring noises".

Late August, 1979: Tom Baker, Lalla Ward and co-stars line up for the press

> **'Bringing the Daleks back flies in the face of all logic, yet it works every time!**
>
> **Graham Williams**

The Doctor's taunting of the Daleks in Episode Two – where he asks why they don't climb up the shaft after him – derived from a Dalek design failing frequently commented upon in cartoons and comedy sketches. This was written by Adams; Nation felt that it diminished his creations, making them figures of fun. Originally, the Daleks were to fire after the party – whereupon a rope was dangled back down to them, and the Doctor's voice was to be heard taunting the creatures before he leaves by saying "Ciao!" Another late amendment was the addition of a cryogenic chamber holding Davros – "The framework cube has been built around [Davros], criss crossed with tubes and wires" – and the Doctor's dialogue emphasising logic.

Destiny of the Daleks was planned to be a reasonably expensive serial, demanding location filming, pyrotechnics and extensive visual effects. As director, Williams appointed Ken Grieve, whom he knew from working on *Angels*; Grieve's children were delighted to hear that their father had got a *Doctor Who* assignment. Grieve got on very well with the Baker, but noted that the intense actor intimidated the rather tense Williams. Baker was very defensive and proprietorial about *Doctor Who*; around now he moved in with his co-star Lalla Ward, after falling in love with her while filming *City of Death* in Paris, during April and May. Grieve had also been in Paris at this time, having gone on an extended pub crawl with Adams (on the first day of the French shoot, the pair waited for the crew in their hotel bar, only to be sent back to London by an irate producer).

June Hudson was assigned as costume designer; her two serials to date were *The Ribos Operation* and *The Creature From the Pit*. Make-up was supervised by Cecile Hay-Arthur, who had worked on *Revenge of the Cybermen* and *Underworld*. Sets were designed by newcomer Ken Ledsham, while visual effects designer Peter Logan had been credited for *The Sun Makers*, after working as an assistant from *Inferno*.

Having finished recording *City of Death* the previous week, Baker and Ward were needed on all five of *Destiny of the Daleks*' location days; as a cost-saving measure, all the Skaro surface scenes would now be filmed in the daytime. The film schedule carried a newspaper cartoon by Keith Waite showing an aproned mother Dalek comforting a baby Dalek who cries, "Mummy, I keep having nasty dreams about Mrs Mary Whitehouse." Shooting on 16mm film got underway around 11am on Monday 11 June at ARC Ltd's Winspit Quarry at Worth Matravers near Swanage, Dorset. This was a potentially dangerous coastal location; cast and crew were required to wear hard hats. Grieve's film unit comprised three cameras; one of these was a Steadycam, developed in the United States by Panavision and licensed in the UK by Samuelsons. In 1979, there were only around three Steadycams in the country; attached to a special harness worn by the cameraman, the Steadycam was mounted on dampening pistons to eliminate any juddering in its operators movement. It was handled by Fred Hamilton, a film cameraman on many *Doctor Who* serials since *The Enemy of the World*, who found that the heavy harness caused him to get stuck in the quarry sand.

Shooting commenced in a rocky outcrop designated the Cliff, where the scenes showing the TARDIS' arrival and departure were filmed; the TARDIS prop was too large to fit under the cliff overhang, and therefore appeared without its roof light. Ward's costume was a silken pink-and-white pastiche of Baker's outfit; this had been arrived at after discussions between Ward and Hudson about what sort of look might amuse younger viewers, Ward having disliked Hudson's costume for Romana in *The Creature From the Pit*. In the afternoon, the crew moved to the Rocky Terrain area to shoot the Episode One scenes showing the Doctor and Romana investigating the region, Romana heading for the TARDIS in the same episode, plus the Doctor's point of view from the underground room in Episode Three. Grieve had cast an old theatre colleague, Tim Barlow, as Tyssan; Barlow had become deaf while in the army, but could lip-read and ran a school for other deaf actors.

A second ARC quarry also doubled for Skaro. The following morning, Tuesday 12, the crew started shooting at Binnegar Heath near Wareham, also in Dorset. The first scenes performed were those at the Nova Test Site in Episodes Three and Four, and required guest actors Peter Straker, Tony Osoba and Suzanne Danielle. Straker was a stage singer and dancer whose productions included *Tommy*, while Osoba had featured regularly in *Porridge*. Both *The Sun* and the *Daily Mail* had announced on Friday 25 May that Danielle, who had starred in *Carry On Emmannuelle*, had been cast in *Doctor Who* as the leader of 'The Beautiful People', characters who would turn out to be villains. The casting of Danielle, who was then living with actor Patrick Mower, attracted much press attention; this apparently annoyed Ward, whose debut as a regular was being overshadowed.

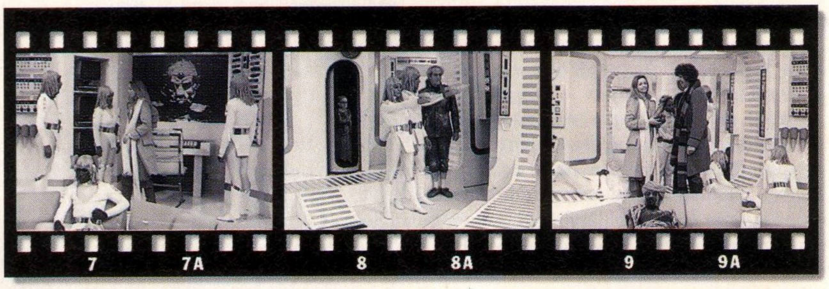
The two Movellan extras, Peter Coleclough and an exotic actress called Cassandra, were both given a few lines of dialogue; Cassandra received a credit on Episode Four for her dialogue in Episode Three. Hudson made the Movellans' costumes from cigarette quilting, using iridescent Fire Service chemical capsules on the epaulettes; the geometrically perfect designs were based on Art Deco and Cubist styles. Inspired by both then-fashionable dreadlocks and a picture of a Masai woman which Grieve had seen, each Movellan artiste wore a braided wig, causing Logan to abandon the helmets he had originally planned for them. The Nova Device included an LED countdown mechanism, but the rather feeble flash charge detonated during Episode Three would be enhanced by video effects later on. The fight between Sharrel and Romana was filmed first (dirtying Straker's costume, much to Hudson's chagrin), followed by the cliffhanger and the earlier tests.

Davros (David Gooderson), disinterred from the Kaleds' bunker

Shooting continued in the 'Terrain' area for Episode Three. The commercial toy Worms was used for the Kaled mutant encountered by the Doctor; Logan had wanted to use a similar product called Slime, but Baker preferred Worms. Two working Dalek props were used, and a dummy plastic Dalek rigged with flash and smoke charges attacked by Cassandra's Movellan; a prop torso was built so the Doctor could reveal the glass inspection hatch in the Movellan's chest. The main Dalek was operated by Cy Town, who had first performed this role on *Doctor Who* in *Frontier in Space*; John Scott Martin, the usual principal Dalek operator, was under contract to a West End production of *Oliver!*.

The crew moved onto the sandy 'Rocky Terrain' area, where the Doctor and Romana see the Movellan spacecraft land; small buried explosive charges simulated the underground blasting. The last shot of the day showed Romana and the Doctor taking refuge in a building for Episode One.

The crew remained at Binnegar Heath on Wednesday 13, shooting the final scene at the Nova Site, in which Lan is attacked; Osoba crushed a prop rock to crush to demonstrate Lan's robotic strength. Joining the cast as Jall and Veldan at this point were David Yip and Penny Casdagli respectively, their characters' sexes having been transposed from Nation's script. Casdagli had been cast at short notice the previous week when another actress had been taken ill; the pair performed all their scenes on film. (Yip later found fame in *The Chinese Detective*.)



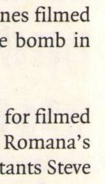
Most of the day was spent on the scenes calling for the Movellan Spacecraft Superstructure, the upper part of which was built beside one of the quarry's pools; Logan had originally wanted gyroscopes placed either side of the main door. Numerous action scenes involving the prisoner extras were filmed; among the stock costumes worn by the slaves were outfits previously seen in *The Brain of Morbius* (one of the Sisterhood) and *Planet of Evil* (a Morestran). Five lightweight Dalek props were used in the Dalek scenes, so that the operators could walk easily over the uneven terrain carrying the casings. Five dummy Daleks were then blown up near the spaceship, this sequence being filmed simultaneously from several angles. The Daleks' bomb belts were made from soft drink cans. There was also a press call held on this day for shots of Baker, Ward, Danielle and the Daleks.

The crew returned to Winspit on Thursday 14 for the burial party sequence amid the 'Rocky Terrain'; the corpse wore a Sandminer crew costume from *The Robots of Death*. Jabolite prop rocks and a Plaster of Paris headstone were used. The camera crew then moved inside the quarry cliff-face to capture the Episode Two Dalek Excavations scenes. A sequence showing the Doctor watching three Daleks moving past the Ruined Building concluded the day. Grieve's team were blessed with glorious sunshine at Winspit on Friday 15, when the Episode One Ruins scenes were filmed; the camera was shaken to simulate earth tremors. Next, the scene at Romana's grave was filmed on the 'Rocky Terrain', followed by Tyssan being attacked by a Dalek for Episode Three. The final scenes filmed showed the Doctor activating his sonic screwdriver to detonate the bomb in Episode Three.

Logan opted to use the Visual Effects Department Studio at Acton for filmed effects inserts. On Wednesday 20 June, a shot of the Doctor and Romana's feet on Skaro's trembling surface was filmed; visual effects assistants Steve Lucas and Barbara Horne donned Baker and Ward's costumes to stand on a special vibrating rig. Inserts of the Nova Device's countdown were shot next, followed by close-ups of the Movellan ship. The bulk of the model spaceship material was filmed the following day; the model, which burrowed into a small set of sand and Fuller's Earth, had rotating blades on its sides. In designing the ship, Logan had been inspired by Ann and Jane Taylor's nursery rhyme *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*, imagining a diamond in the sky; this went through various designs, including a spinning yellow or orange light housed in an orb. Some shots of the ship in flight were abandoned and rescheduled for studio recording, using CSO.

Studio rehearsals began at the BBC's Acton Rehearsal Rooms on Wednesday 20. David Gooderson, joined the production at this point, cast as Davros after Michael Wisher had proved unavailable, touring Australia in a stage play. A luminary of the Cambridge Footlights, Gooderson was a good mimic, but decided not to impersonate Wisher – and, after viewing *Genesis of the Daleks*, took only the basics of Wisher's portrayal, wanting to make his Davros more sympathetic. He also provided other Dalek voices, although the majority of the creatures' dialogue was spoken by Roy Skelton, a Dalek voice artiste since 1967's *The*

DESIGN Davros

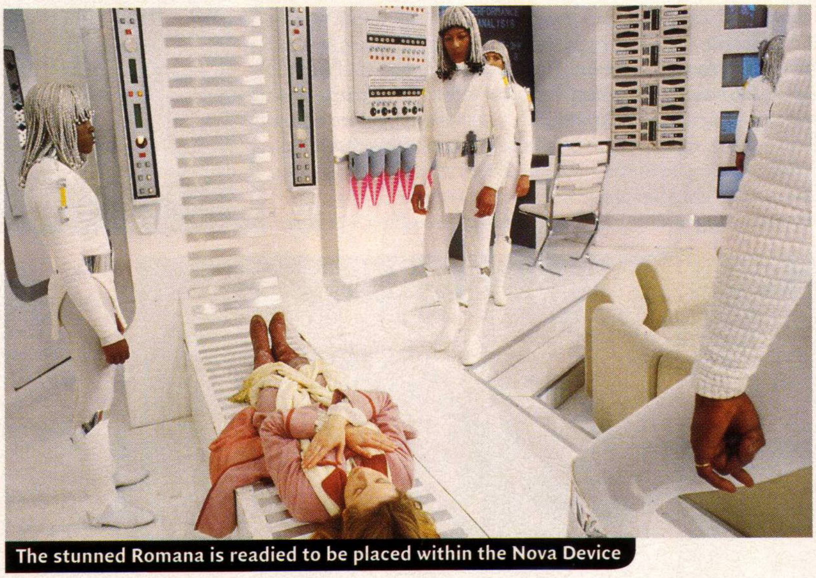


Visual effects assistant John Friedlander indicated that the budget would not support the manufacture of a new Davros mask to replace that worn by actor Michael Wisher in *Genesis of the Daleks*. The original Davros head, costume and wheelchair had been on display at the BBC Enterprises *Doctor Who* exhibitions in Blackpool and Longleat since 1975 and were damaged, necessitating as much rebuilding as was affordable. Wisher's mask did not fit actor David Gooderson terribly well, and was in such a state of disrepair that one night it was accidentally thrown out by a cleaner, who thought it was rubbish.

NOVELISATION Terrance Dicks

Shortly after the script was completed, a copy was provided to Terrance Dicks, who was due to novelise the story for Target Books; Target hoped to publish *Doctor Who and the Destiny of the Daleks* in mid-September, coinciding with transmission. Thus Dicks' book was based on rehearsal scripts, with no description of some elements incorporated during production (such as Romana's distinctive costume). Producer Graham Williams was unhappy with the (hurried) artwork cover by Target newcomer Andrew Skilleter – but was unable to send Target reference photographs, since the story had not yet entered production. *Doctor Who and the Destiny of the Daleks* was published in November 1979; the back cover text had been hastily rewritten after originally revealing that the Movellans were robots. It was reprinted as *Doctor Who: Destiny of the Daleks* in July 1992, with a new cover by Alistair Pearson.

Evil of the Daleks. During rehearsals, the cast rewrote much of their dialogue to make it funnier.



The stunned Romana is readied to be placed within the Nova Device

Studio recording began with a two-day session in TC3 over Monday 2 and Tuesday 3 July; taping took place between 2.30 and 5.15pm, then 7.30 and 10pm on each of the studio days. The Ruined Building scenes were the first scenes recorded on the Monday, with Logan holding a lightweight pillar clear of Baker. During these scenes, the Doctor reads from a book called *The Origins of the Universe*, by 'Oolon Coluphid'; this was an in-joke related to a character in Adams' successful radio series, *The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy* (here, 'Coluphid' was said to have written *Where God Went Wrong*, *Some More of God's Greatest Mistakes*, *Who is This God Person Anyway* and *Well, That About Wraps it Up For God*). Stuntwoman Sue Crosland doubled for Ward in the shots of Romana sliding down the shaft into the Underground Chamber. Black toffee-glass was used for the wall which the Daleks crashed through; this was a one-shot take which actually occurred too early and was, thankfully, captured on a camera which happened to be recording. The cameras then moved to the section of tunnel close to Dalek Control for sceners in Episode Two.

Tuesday 3 saw recording centred on the linked sets of the corridor, T-junction, Open Underground Area and the Small Room for the scenes in Episode Three where the Doctor engages in a stand-off against the Daleks. Some slave extras wore more old costumes from both *Doctor Who* and *Blake's 7* (including a Draconian costume from *Frontier in Space* and SV7's trousers, as seen in *The Robots of Death*). One of the final shots of the day – the Daleks blowing up the Doctor's barricade – had to be reshot when, following the explosion, smoke from the flash charges was sucked up into Davros' chair because the fan installed in the chair was running in reverse; the blame for this was placed upon Kevin Davies (later director of *30 Years in the TARDIS*), a fan of the show visiting the studio, who had fiddled with the chair during the lunch break.

> **'It was all very cheap, of course, but the characters and the story were the essence of it'**
>
> Ken Grieve

On Wednesday 4, Baker travelled to Blackpool for a press preview of some *Doctor Who* tableaux at the famous illuminations. Rehearsals restarted on Thursday 5; during this period, Ward spent part of Tuesday 10 posing for BBC publicity photographs showing Romana wearing her schoolgirl costume from *City of Death*. Baker was also interviewed during rehearsals by the Scots newspaper the *Daily Record*; this was published on Monday 30 July.

The second studio block took place over three days in TC1 from Sunday 15, with recording between 2.30 and 5.15pm, then 7.30 and 10pm on each day. After transferring all the 16mm film sequences to video, the TARDIS scenes were recorded; the mechanism which made the console's column rise and fall was broken, and therefore had to be operated manually by Logan and one of his assistants, who were hiding out of shot. Skelton provided K9's coughing fits while two incarnations of Romana included the diminutive Lee Richards (painted silver and wearing Zilda's costume from *The Robots of Death*) and the tall Maggy Armitage (whose height was accentuated by a box). There was then a recording break, allowing Ward to change out of her Princess Astra costume from *The Armageddon Factor* and into Baker's spare Doctor costume. Opening and closing titles for the serial were recorded next; unlike all the other serials of the time, the instalments were referred to on-screen as 'Episodes', not 'Parts'. Taping continued with the scenes in the Ruined Underground Area bridging Episodes Two and Three; Gooderson was covered in latex cobwebs and lightweight debris was dropped on Danielle. The notion that the Doctor should burn his way through the cobwebs had since been dropped; it had been suggested that the Doctor might use a knife to cut his way through, but this too was abandoned on the grounds that it would take too long.

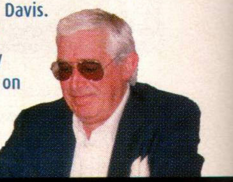
Recording on Monday 16 was devoted to all the scenes in the Dalek Control Area. The Episode Four scene in which the Daleks guarding Davros was recorded as a cutaway shot. A dummy Dalek augmented the suicide squad scene. CSO shots of the Movellan spaceship in flight in Episodes One and Four were recorded at the end of the evening.

The final studio day, Tuesday 17, was spent on the Spacecraft Flightdeck set, a major feature of which was an Eidophore projection screen onto which Anchor text or camera output could be fed. Videotape inserts of the rockfall and Davros, both recorded on the Sunday, were played back on the main screen, and the cryogenic chamber used the clear shielding from the Nova Device. With recording completed, Baker made personal appearances in Birmingham on Thursday 19, Brent Cross on Monday 30 and Hitchin on Tuesday 31.

Video effects work took place in TC8 on Friday 20 July. A green beam was added to the Movellan ship landing, and a pink flare to the Nova Device detonating. A picture of the Winspit quarry was added to the TARDIS' CSO screen. Dalek weapons fired a blue ray, their target turning negative; Electronic Effects engineer Dave Jervis was now able to restrict the negative area to a halo.

WRITER Terry Nation

Destiny of the Daleks was the final *Doctor Who* serial written by Terry Nation. Throughout 1979, Nation had been spending a lot of time in the United States, working on proposed TV movies. In September 1980, Nation and his family emigrated to Los Angeles, where he worked as a script adviser on various projects for Columbia, 20th Century-Fox and MGM. He was a producer/writer on both *MacGyver* and *A Fine Romance* [UK: *Ticket to Ride*]. He commented on further BBC Dalek storylines in the 1980s. Nation was in poor health throughout much of the early 1990s, but nonetheless attended several American conventions and became involved in an attempt to relaunch the since-cancelled *Doctor Who* in tandem with fellow 1960s writer/script editor Gerry Davis. After a long illness, Terry Nation died on Sunday 9 March 1997.



Episode One was edited on Saturday 21, with Episode Two being cut the following day (the cliffhanger reprise was slightly shortened to remove the Daleks' extended ranting). The final instalment, edited on Monday 30, and ran over-length; the end of a scene in which Tyssan adresses the other prisoners was trimmed, and again, the reprise was different, with the countdown running from 25 instead of ending at 31. A second and final edit was performed on Episode Three on Friday 31 August, deleting the shot of Davros coming to life from the end of Episode Two.

During dubbing in August, Dick Mills used some of the earliest Radiophonic Workshop sounds for *Doctor Who*, giving an audio continuity with Brian

Hodgson's 'Thal Wind' atmospherics for Skaro and sounds of the Dalek city from the original Dalek serial. One mistake was the overdubbing of the TARDIS interior sound over the Episode Three location sequence of the Doctor activating his sonic screwdriver. Just over 15 minutes' incidental music was recorded by series regular Dudley Simpson, of which Grieve opted to use only two-and-a-half minutes' worth; Episode Four had no music at all. For Episode Three, Simpson used a noisy theme based on Maurice Ravel's *Bolero* to cover up the noise of the Dalek props squeaking on the studio floor.

Arrow A to the front: the Doctor rewires K9's brain

Doctor Who's new season was promoted with a special 115-second trailer recorded on the set of *Nightmare of Eden* on Monday 13 August. In this trailer, screened at 8.16pm on Saturday 25 August (the week before *Destiny of the Daleks* Episode One), the Doctor is aroused from his slumbers in the TARDIS to be warned by a mysterious voice that he will be facing the Daleks again. Another trailer, showing scenes from the first two episodes of the serial, was broadcast on Thursday 30 August, following the repeat of *The Androids of Tara* Part Four. The previous day, Baker and Ward had donned their costumes for a photocall (featured in the *Daily Express* on 31 August); meanwhile, up in Blackpool, the *Doctor Who* tableau at that autumn's Illuminations was unveiled.

Radio Times previewed the new season with a one-page article, *Spaced out* by Anwer Bati, which centred on June Hudson's costume design; accompanying this was a photographs taken in a London street, showing the two stars in costume alongside a Movellan. To preserve the surprise of Davros' return, David Gooderson was not credited in the programme listing for Episode Two. With the Episode Three listing, there was an advertisement for a new BBC LP, *Doctor Who: Genesis of the Daleks*, an edited soundtrack released to coincide with its sequel. The edition of Thursday 20 August also contained a poem by Roger Woddis entitled *Monsters* in his weekly column *Woddis On . . .*

Ray Cusick, the Daleks' designer, was profiled in the *Daily Mail* on Saturday 1st. Robin Stringer of the *Daily Telegraph* commended Baker's portrayal on Saturday 1 September, while Hazel Holt approved of the story's "crisper style" in *The Stage and Television Today* on Thursday 6. The Daily Mirror gave further coverage to Danielle on Saturday 8, while *The Sun* favoured Ward in a piece titled *Just what the Doctor ordered*. On Saturday 15, Philip Phillips of *The Sun* ran a brief piece about Cy Town, with the Dalek operator revealing that he heard a lot of juicy gossip while secreted in his casing.

ITV had been off the air since early August due to a technician's dispute. Consequently, with no competition from independent television, *Destiny of the Daleks* was seen by an average of over 13 million people, five million more than the previous year's debut. Episode Three set a new record high of 13.8 million, which was promptly topped by Episode Four's 14.4 million. Audience appreciation figures were also good, with a high score for Episode One. An Audience Research Report produced on Wednesday 24 October collated the comments of 302 viewers: the return of the Daleks had evoked a very positive reaction, particularly from children; Baker received praise, but there was a mixed reception for Ward's Romana. Additional research was conducted into preferred time slots and formats: 38% said they would like longer episodes telling a complete story; 65% liked the Saturday teatime slot; but 12% favoured Sunday afternoon transmissions. Early evening repeats of *Destiny of the Daleks* the following summer ran opposite the popular soap opera *Crossroads* and local news programmes.

Destiny of the Daleks was sold abroad to countries including: Australia (in January 1980, where it was rated G and screened uncut); New Zealand (in December 1980); the USA (debuting in 1981); and Canada (in 1982). The BBC Film and Videotape Archives retain digital D3 copies taken from the original two-inch videotape masters. The serial was released by BBC Video in July 1994 with a cover painting by Andrew Skilleter. Satellite/cable channel UK Gold ran the serial in episodic form in December 1993, with compilation broadcasts following from January 1994.

SERIAL 5J **DESTINY OF THE DALEKS**

CAST **Tom Baker** *Doctor Who* with **Lalla Ward** *Romana*, **Tim Barlow** *Tyssan*, **Peter Straker** *Commander Sharrel*, **Suzanne Danielle** *Agella*, **Tony Osoba** *Lan*; **Cy Town**, **Mike Mungarvan** *Dalek Operators*; **Roy Skelton** *Dalek Voice*, **Penny Casdagli** *Jall* [2,4], **David Yip** *Veldan* [2,4], **David Gooderson** *Davros* [2-4]*, **Cassandra** *Movellan Guard* [4]†.
*Not credited in *Radio Times* for Episode Two
†Credited on Episode Four but appears in Episode Three

EXTRAS **Roy Skelton** *Voice of K9*; **Lee Richards** *Romana Variant (Short girl)*; **Maggy Armitage** *Romana Variant (Tall girl)*; **Yvonne Gallagher** *Romana Variant (Another girl)*; **Steve Lucas** *Double for Doctor Who's legs*; **Barbara Horne** *Double for Romana's legs*; **Sandra Kneller**, **Hazel O'Mara**, **Sue Dorning**, **Sharon Richardson** *Slaves*; **Mark Boyden**, **Clinton Price**, **Erroll Turner**, **Julian Woods**, **Harold Gasnier**, **Leslie Rae**, **Malcolm Clarke**, **David Lockner** *Slaves/Daleks* [inc corpse of Dal Garrant]; **Sue Crosland** *Stunt Double for Romana*; **Tawny Sands**, **Inga Daly**, **Jules**, **Chrissi Hewett**, **Ken Kajadhar**, **Wilson M George**, **Bruce Callender** *Movellans*; **Toby Byrne**, **Tony Starr** *Dalek Operators*; **David Gooderson** *Dalek Voices*; **Venicia Day**, **Errol M Shaker**, **Ron Tarr**, **Leroy Mitchell**, **Huntley Young**, **Lewis St Juste**, **Bruce Callender**, **Maggie Pilleau**, **Gito Santana** *Slaves*; **Peter Coleclough**, **Susan Lyle** *Movellans*; **Toby Byrne**, **Marcus Powell** *Slaves*.

CREDITS *Written by* **Terry Nation**. *Incidental Music* **Dudley Simpson**. *Special Sound* **Dick Mills**. *Production Assistant* **Henry Foster**. *Production Unit Manager* **John Nathan-Turner**. *Director's Assistant* **Roz Berrystone**. *Assistant Floor Manager* **David Tilley** [and **Antony Root**, uncredited]. *Film Cameramen* **Phil Law**, **Kevin Rowley**. *Steadycam* **Fred Hamilton**. *Film Recordist* **Graham Bedwell**. *Film Editor* **Dick Allen**. *Studio Lighting* **John Dixon**. *Studio Sound* **Clive Gifford**. *Technical Manager* **John Dean**. *Senior Cameraman* **Alec Wheal**. *Visual Effects Designer* **Peter Logan**. *Electronic Effects* **Dave Jervis**. *Vision Mixer* **Nigel Finnis**. *Videotape Editor* **Alan Goddard**. *Costume Designer* **June Hudson**. *Make-up Artist* **Cecile Hay-Arthur**. *Script Editor* **Douglas Adams**. *Designer* **Ken Ledsham**. *Producer* **Graham Williams**. *Director* **Ken Grieve**. *BBC © 1979*

Episode	Transmitted	Time	Duration	Rating	Chart pos	App index
ORIGINAL TRANSMISSION						
Episode One	1 September 1979	6.10-6.35pm	24'03"	13.0M	28th	67
Episode Two	8 September 1979	6.10-6.35pm	25'14"	12.7M	39th	-
Episode Three	15 September 1979	6.10-6.35pm	24'32"	13.8M	28th	63
Episode Four	22 September 1979	6.15-6.40pm	26'05"	14.4M	27th	64
REPEAT TRANSMISSION*						
Episode One	5 August 1980	6.25-6.50pm	24'03"	4.9M	91st	-
Episode Two	6 August 1980	6.20-6.45pm	25'14"	5.8M	59th	-
Episode Three	7 August 1980	6.25-6.50pm	24'32"	7.1M	33rd	-
Episode Four	8 August 1980	6.25-6.50pm	26'05"	6.5M	41st	-

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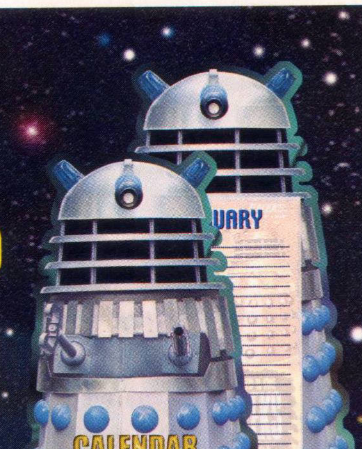

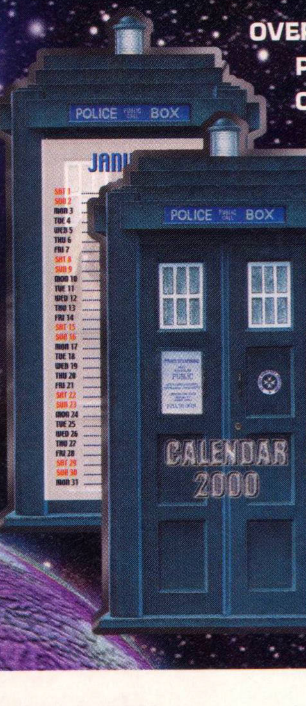

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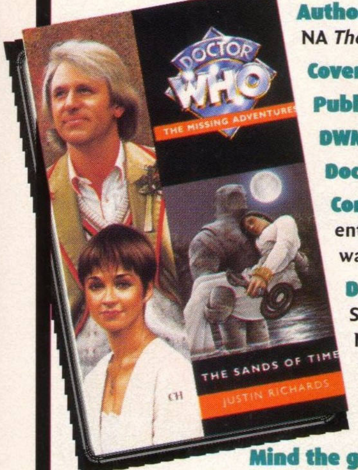
THE SANDS OF TIME

compiled by **Matt Wicks**



Author Justin Richards (his third Virgin book, having previously written NA *Theatre of War* and MA *System Shock*

Cover artwork Alister Pearson

Publication May 1996

DWM review 238

Doctor The Fifth

Companions Tegan, Nyssa (who, despite being asleep almost entirely throughout, is actually more pivotal to the story than she was in, say, *Kinda*)

Dates c 5,000BC (which Richards ties down as being the time of Sutekh's imprisonment); 2,000BC; 1798; 1821; September-November 1880; 1896; January 1897; 1926; 1965; 1975; 1978; 1986; 1991; 1996

Locations Egypt (Giza, the Valley of the Kings, Cairo); Great Britain (Cranleigh Hall, London); Phaester Osiris; St Helena

Mind the gap Occurs between *Arc of Infinity* and *Snakedance* (in the same slot as *Zeta Major*)

The plot in 25 words A family affair: Sutekh's sister-wife tries to escape via the cloned daughter of two fathers. Nyssa becomes a mummy, and her twin saves the day.

Old friends Sutekh (in flashback sequences only); Lord and Lady Cranleigh, Ann Talbot (now Cranleigh) and 'Smutty' Thomas (all of whom appeared – or were mentioned – in *Black Orchid*); Napoleon Bonaparte (previously seen in *The Reign of Terror*); Marcus Scarman (*Pyramids of Mars*) makes a cameo as a young man.

New friends The Osirans: Anubis, Horus, Osiris, Nephthys, and their long-lived servant, Sadan Rassul. The Victorians: Lord Kenilworth (a Victorian Egyptologist) and his butler, the staunch Henry Atkins (who becomes something of a new man over the course of the novel). The Egyptian expedition team: Russell Evans, highly-repressed father of Margaret, who in turn is terribly un-Victorian and dotes on ubiquitous nice-boy-turned-zombie, Nicholas Simons. The modern cast: Aubrey Prior, Kenilworth's descendant, plus his clone-daughter Vanessa, who is really the clone-daughter of Sadan Rassul. Well, really she is half of Nephthys. With me so far?

Along for the ride Tegan once went diving along a reef and almost drowned. Her father had a farm and he (and probably the rest of her family) is dead. She loves Indian food.

Rough guide On Traken, ceremonial incense is burned at religious ceremonies.

Osirans come from "the dawn of time". They mastered psi-powers, drawing their strength from precise geometric alignments of certain star systems, which meant that measurements were very important to them. They were able to use their minds to project themselves across the universe in capsules. Osiris was imprisoned by Sutekh (whose mental powers had driven him mad) in a pyramid-shaped capsule with no air in it. He would have died, except that he was able to project his mind into the pilot of Isis' ship, becoming Horus, son of Osiris in the process. It seems that this might be a normal form of reproduction, since Isis considers at one point that Osiris will never be able to "imbue a psi-child". Meanwhile, Sutekh and Nephthys destroyed Phaester Osiris and fled to Earth where they were confronted by their brethren and imprisoned. Sutekh's fate was seen in *Pyramids of Mars*; Nephthys' mind was divided into two halves, half (her instinct) imprisoned in an Egyptian woman and half (her rational intellect) placed in a Osiran containment device. The containment device was later damaged, necessitating the reimprisonment of that half of her mind in Nyssa. Osirans can absorb time spillage.

The Nile, the Pyramids and the Sphinx form a map of the Orion constellation, which was important to the Osirans. The Great Pyramid was perfectly designed to receive power from Osiris via the relay station on Mars, which was built there because the planet has no magnetic field (*Pyramids of Mars, Godengine*). The Sphinx (which originally bore the face of Horus) is the dispersal point of this power.

> **'An evocation of every single feature that made Pyramids of Mars enjoyable'** *Shelf Life, DWM 238*

Other Notes Lord Kenilworth was born in 1849.

The Doctor attends Ann Talbot's wedding to Lord Cranleigh.

Blinovitch was cremated.

The Doctor creates a modified delta wave augmenter (as seen in *Kinda*).

The Doctor explains that by materialising in a second time zone, the first and second times become fixed in relation to each other. In other words, if a day in 1896 passes for Nyssa, then a day in 2000BC passes for the Doctor.

It was the Osirans who convinced Scaroth that building the pyramids would speed up human evolution (*City of Death*).

Ann Talbot lives until at least 1996.

The plot owes a debt to Bram Stoker's *The Jewel of Seven Stars*, in which efforts are made in Edwardian London to revive the mummy of an Egyptian sorceress who shares a preternatural link with a woman named Margaret.

The Sands of Time was published in the same month as Virgin's 50th New Adventure, *Happy Endings*, and forms part of the celebrations (being hyped on the back cover as a sequel to "the classic story *Pyramids of Mars*"). The following New Adventure, *Godengine*, shares a link with the book, as it tells of the Martians' efforts to utilise some of the Osiran technology left on Mars.

Inside the TARDIS We see the TARDIS wardrobe and library as well as Nyssa's room.

Quotable quotes "Where's your sense of adventure?"/"Mine died a long and lingering death somewhere in Amsterdam" (Tegan).

Osirans are "'big on guile and cunning, short on applied morals'" (the Doctor).

"'Whatever will be, has been'" (the Doctor).

DWM

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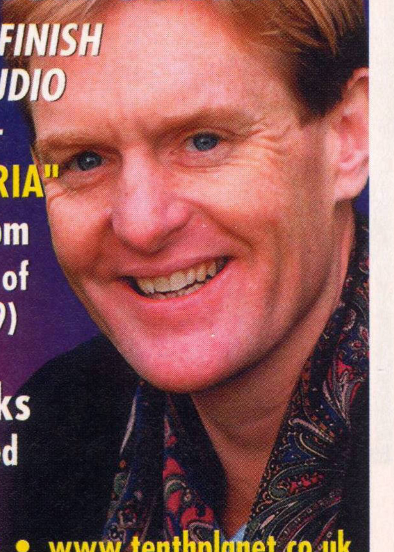

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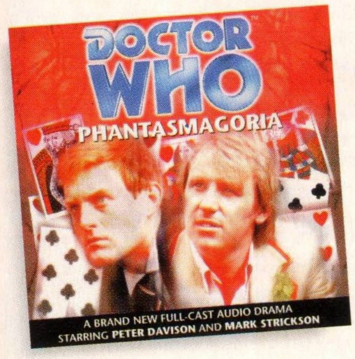
Shelf Life

With **Vanessa Bishop**

DOCTOR WHO: PHANTASMAGORIA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***A pseudo-historical thriller charged with the spirit and theatrical characters of the best* Doctor Who**

There was a time when all *Doctor Who* stories were like this. Although it seems so long ago I can hardly remember it. But there were occasions when the Doctor and companion could hold a conversation without tumbling into a spurious recap of their last six adventures, where the Doctor could offer a bonbon without its dusky coating reminding him of the skin of an alien Asimov, or of how that noble race perished in an experiment conducted by Rassilon using a white star and a ginger biscuit. We're now so familiar with new fiction stretched by irrelevant references and a continuity that gibbers like it's been beaten with a stick in a beer garden, that as *Phantasmagoria* unfolded free of any such entanglement, confusion reigned as to whether, in a landscape so changed, it still qualified as *Doctor Who* at all!

When, in Part Three, the Fifth Doctor recognises the numbers quoted at a seance, it's more a surprise that they *aren't* the co-ordinates of a Trion scout ship than it would be if they were. After *The Sirens of Time* locked itself into a maze of *Doctor Who* paraphernalia, *Phantasmagoria* seems about as bothered by it as your favourite auntie. It's as radical as bacon and eggs are to an all-day breakfast.

Full-blooded and boisterous, writer Mark Gatiss' romanticised 17th century London is conjured up via every 'ye olde' sound effect in Big Finish's catalogue. Gin-soaked caricatures compete with church bells, stray dogs and horses which, judging from the clatter they make, seem to gallop on more than the accepted number of legs. There's enough atmosphere here to bring the listener out in the pox. And just when you think they've missed a trick with the weather, a thunderstorm crashes into the close of Part One.

Concerning the vanishings of society bigwigs, the story has the same black magic overtones which provided the backbone of Gatiss' earlier Winterbourne-located PROBE videos. The supernatural often makes for rather formulaic science fantasy; this is no exception, but I doubt Gatiss cares a jot. One tale of a stranded alien nutter is much like another. Yet it isn't *Phantasmagoria*'s whiskery plot that asks to be enjoyed so much as the clothes it is dressed up in. In fact, it wouldn't be a surprise to learn that Gatiss thinks of his period first, characters second and plot third, so different are they in both emphasis and detail.

Whatever, the cast go mental for it. It's an ensemble with performances fruitier than a field of strawberries. DWAS luminary and regular 1980s extra Steve Wickham plays Doctor Holywell with the same tone and self-important air as *Ghost Light*'s Reverend Matthews. Gatiss himself takes Jasper Jeake – a rough, good-hearted buffoon from the same school as Henry Gordon Jago – into orbit, shamelessly hoarding the most quotable lines. Yet in pole position sits David Ryall; bathed in villainy, his Sir Nikolas Valentine starts out calculating like an ultimate Moriarty, and ends in finest *Doctor Who* overload, crushing, twisting and squashing words like he's made the finals of a Richard III competition.

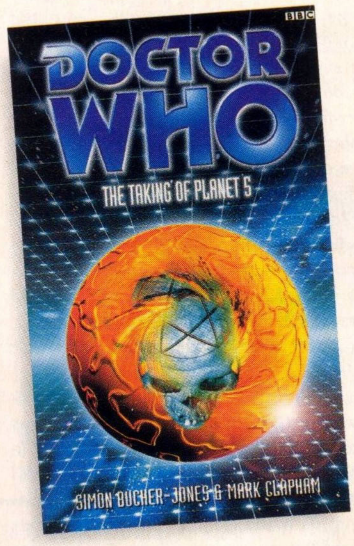
Perhaps it's unsurprising, against such a background, that Peter Davison's Doctor – having somehow managed to appear to be *The Sirens of Time*'s leading man – is less forthright here. Nevertheless, the effortlessness with which he reprises his Doctor is deceptive, as Mark Strickson hasn't found his Turlough as easily. Whether this is the fault of the material he's given – or whether, without a tetchy female companion to spar with, he simply ceases to function – this is the kind of companionship you'd expect from Ben Jackson. The prickly, reluctant, more familiar adventurer is replaced with a cheery-voiced fellow chirping "Come on!" and "You'll sort him out, Doctor!" as though plucked from an early series of *Grange Hill*.

If you feel your taste in *Doctor Who* is better served by the videos than the books, then *Phantasmagoria* is for you

If *Sirens* was Big Finish's press call, then *Phantasmagoria* is the first night. If you feel your love for *Doctor Who* is still better served by the video releases than the books, or your interest isn't so much in its science fiction, more its forum for exaggerated drama, then the wait has been long but worth it.

Oh, and if you're just in it for the cliffhangers, those to Parts Two and Three are absolute corkers!

DOCTOR WHO: THE TAKING OF PLANET 5



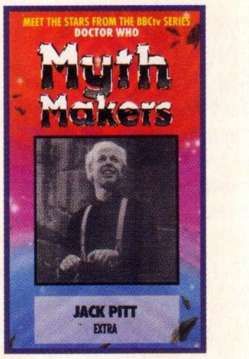
Novel BBC Books **Authors** Simon Bucher-Jones & Mark Clapham **Featuring** The Eighth Doctor, Fitz & Compassion **RRP** £5.99 **ISBN** 0 563 55579 3 **Available** 4 October

A digestible and adventurous combination of HP Lovecraft, Virgin's* New Adventures*, Chris Boucher and Lawrence Miles

We've reached the third novel into the story arc, and things aren't nearly as heavy-going as *Interference* had threatened they might become. This is made more remarkable considering that *The Taking of Planet 5* is awash with the ideas of *Interference*'s Lawrence Miles. Yet Simon Bucher-Jones and Mark Clapham have weaved Miles' concepts uncompromisingly into a story quite unlike any that might be offered by their originator.

The excavation of a super-structure beneath Antarctica forewarns the reader that, in such a well-worn scenario, they can soon expect its frostbitten, Parka-clad investigators to discover alien artefacts. Such an example is quickly uncovered – an orb clutched by a mount of bony fingers, resembling a mystic souvenir one might find overpriced in a Glastonbury gift shop.

Excepting a few interludes, the novel is content with a single location, but avoids monotony through simultaneously exploring it at opposite ends of a



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Saucy, and name-dropping like he's being paid a pound a throw to do so, 1960s dancer-turned-actor-turned-Venom Grub Jack Pitt finds that it isn't his work as a monster extra that's drawn Reeltime's attention, but the fact he shared William Hartnell's London digs.

Little is said about Hartnell that couldn't have been surmised from Jessica Carney's biography, *Who's There?*. But Pitt's gossipy, bus stop-style banter adds a furtive naughtiness. His tales are told as if expecting, at any moment, his subject to interrupt him – and, on occasion, suggest that interviewer Nicholas Briggs may not have worn his shocked expression in vain!

Ultimately, though, these anecdotes are patchy. The Hartnell Pitt remembers is simply a man indulging in the spoils of fame. Despite Briggs' fishing, an insight to the more complex character of repute evades them both.

So unexpectedly, it's Pitt as third Mechonoid from the left, praying for an over-run to increase his fee, that fascinates, rather than stories of the smallest cog in *Doctor Who*'s wheel boozing with its biggest.

THE DOCTOR WHO CHRONICLES: SEASON TWO

Doctor Who Appreciation Society. SAE to DWAS (S2/M), PO Box 519, London SW17 9XW for details

With 125 pages of minuscule print, *The Doctor Who Chronicles* must have kept researchers David Brunt and Andrew Pixley from social events and proper meals for six months. Dedicated to Season Two, this reference work is purely factual, densely written and best attempted in sittings, yet *Shelf Life*, ignoring its own advice, spent an absorbing afternoon encouraging eyestrain with its content.

The detailed plot summaries are likely to be skimmed in favour of the boxed story notes and pages of first drafts, could've-beens and rewrites. Most intriguing are Terry Nation's Dalek scripts, with much of what's recognised as his trademark structuring absent. Furthermore, the original version of *The Chase* is less lightweight than its eventual realisation, and *The Dalek Invasion of Earth* even more morbid. On the other hand, picture our first view of Steven Taylor, rugged, unshaven and surly. Now imagine he's called 'Roger Bruck' . . .

With hundreds of telesnaps sympathetic to even *The Web Planet*, this is a work of gold-star fan dedication.

12 million year gap. Without the earlier period, this could come across as a further retread of *The Thing*. But with it, its formulaic nature is scrambled across an arena that allows for further extrapolation of the *Doctor Who* mythos.

At present, literary *Doctor Who* is a 'push-me, pull-you' entity, with each consecutive book reinventing its histories – past, present and, in *The Taking of Planet 5*'s case, future. And it's this future which the novel uses as a cover for its most memorable twists. Admittedly, the authors work on a wider scale, but if you agree that the uncovering of the Valeyard was *The Trial of a Time Lord*'s greatest moment, then there's similar to catch the breath here.

Throughout, the authors borrow the monstrous imagery of horror and occult writer HP Lovecraft, and – via an account of his and the Doctor's mutual passion for ice-cream – he receives much credit. But although Lovecraft may recognise the generous descriptions given the book's tentacle-supported, starfish-headed, five-eyed creatures, it's doubtful he'd be as familiar with their anthropomorphic manner. Despite their form being nigh impossible to realise in televised *Doctor Who*, much observational humour is drawn from constantly lending them the gestures of a struggling extra strapped into an inflexible costume. At times it wouldn't have been a great surprise if a chapter climax had revealed, beneath the creature's head, the hot and puffing features of Stuart Fell.

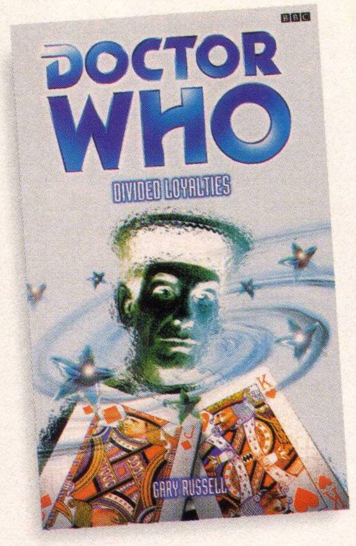
New and mutely-announced companion Compassion is still the less aesthetic Nicole Kidman sketched out in *Interference*, but – constantly described as 'snappy' and 'scornful' – her disposition is made clearer. Unlike Sam Jones and Bernice Summerfield, Compassion doesn't aspire to the position of all-purpose girlfriend – unless a bird who can eat at autopsies is a specific turn-on. Frankly, the woman's a Dalek, and I rather like her.

***The Taking of Planet 5* weaves the ideas of Lawrence Miles into a different kind of story**

Repeatedly the authors end chapters and scenes with characters struck by urgent, yet unspoken, realisation. It's an enticing technique that never forgets to inform its reader several pages later, and ensures the book fewer opportunities for its pages to be rested. Paradoxically, then, the novel's climax is less persuasive. Although grander, the cosmic forces that vie with its characters lack immediacy and, most importantly, can't speak. A Time Vortex that cuts like a scalpel is no match for the *grand guignol* of "That wasn't your friend, it was the brain-eater!"

Nevertheless, this very readable mix stands as the Eighth Doctor's most sure-footed exploit for quite some while.

DOCTOR WHO: DIVIDED LOYALTIES



Novel BBC Books **Author** Gary Russell **Featuring** The Fifth Doctor, Adric, Nyssa, Tegan & the Toymaker **RRP** £5.99 **ISBN** 0 563 55578 5 **Available** 4 October

Lifting the lid on the Toymaker in a lively exploration of friendship and trust

As *Divided Loyalties* danced in and out of BBC Books' schedules, *Shelf Life* re-read the novelisation of Graham Williams' abandoned script, *The Nightmare Fair*, in the safe bet that author Gary Russell, ever the literary opportunist, would have done the same, scooping up handfuls for re-use.

It appears that what struck us both was how less . . . er, *celestial*, Williams' Toymaker was compared to the regal, godlike entity encountered by the First Doctor. Had Michael Gough returned to the role in 1986, his performance may have smoothed over the differences – but on paper, given a henchman, a workforce and a business venture, the Toymaker of Blackpool Pleasure Beach cuts more the figure of a sophisticated gangland boss.

Enter *Divided Loyalties*. Whereas I see Graham Williams' interpretation as no more than a crueller shade of omnipotence than suggested by Brian Hayles' original, Gary Russell looks harder and spies a story. As the novel's *Afterword* confirms, it's the Toymaker's origins, rather than his somewhat tiresome compendium of games, which interest Gary the most. Not that puzzles aren't scattered indiscriminately amongst the text – but they function as short, peculiar advert breaks, snatching likely players from their realities before plopping them back into a situation unmoved. This can take the tale around in circles, abruptly punctuating the escapades of the TARDIS crew. Also, unlike *The Celestial Toymaker*, the playful deathtraps of *Divided Loyalties* are, after much exposition, invariably abandoned.

No, the Toymaker hasn't been returned to simply show you more of his day job. Interwoven with themes of guilt and revenge, this is a novel about the past – his, the Doctor's, Tegan's, even relative babes Nyssa and Adric's. Gary displays little restraint in revisiting Alzarius, Traken and returning Tegan to Brisbane, but this literary *déjà vu* has a purpose. Of the title's many applications, the most absorbing is how the companions' regard for the Doctor is slowly massaged to emerge as resentment. Scenarios are offered to show how beautiful lives were before his intervention, and how inconsistent and worthless his promises are. With Adric it cuts deeper, the boy lamenting the loss of 'his' (Fourth) Doctor over the younger model Nyssa and Tegan consider to be 'theirs'.

Gary divides the novel into three 'Rounds', and it's the middle 'Round' – rewinding the story back to Gallifrey – that leaves the first and last thirds existing primarily as reactions to it. Following heroes such as Indiana Jones, Sherlock Holmes and James Bond, all of whom have found themselves rejuvenated in fiction, Gary gives us *Young Doctor Who*. It's a Time Lord soap born from the vague notions we all carry of the Doctor's Academy days – a dormitory youth that, despite his qualities, cannot help but appear oddly commonplace. Whether or not in reaction to the more profound and ponderous Gallifreys constructed by other authors, I suspect this exposé is intended to be taken none too seriously. Yet although cheeky, spirited and boasting an improbable all-star cast, it's the one area where the sampling contrives a genuinely unexpected, if not – since the author seems to be aware of the fact – original, revelation.

The Toymaker, back to play . . .

Divided Loyalties is as free, energetic and as unashamed of its pilfering as Terrance Dicks' *The Eight Doctors*. What confirms it unmistakably as a Gary Russell product are the author's wilful collisions of differing media. Before its 20th page, the imagery of the Toymaker's 1966 television serial and Williams' 1989 novelisation had found the company of a **DWM** comic strip from 1981. Russell's usual justifications of televisual oversights and omissions are present, too; after his ruminating over why the TARDIS occupants always appear to have such clean clothes, I should have been more prepared for mention of the ship's toilet half a book later!

Overall, a successful and entertaining patchwork. **DWM**

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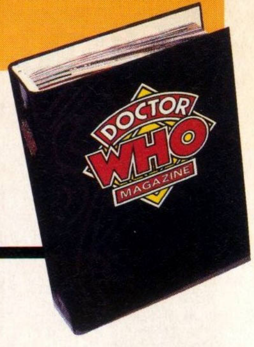

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The DWM 283 Crossword

Set by Horus

sponsored by BBC Books

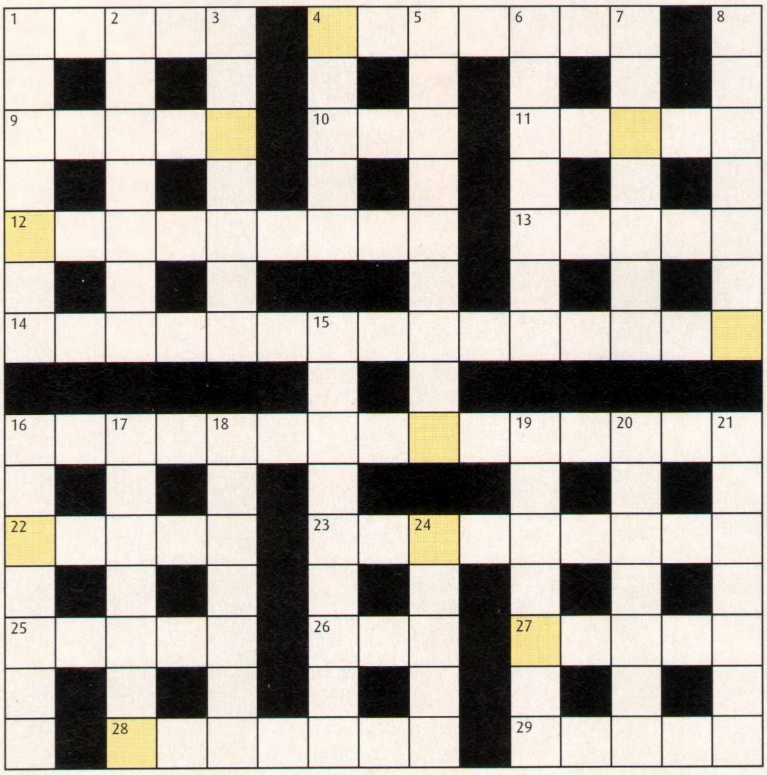
Five lucky readers can each win a pair of this month's BBC Books novels, *The Taking of Planet 5* and *Divided Loyalties*, in our crossword competition. All you have to do is identify which *Doctor Who* baddie's name has been scrambled among the shaded squares, jot it down on a postcard and send it to DWM 283 CROSSWORD at the editorial address on page 5. Closing date: 20 October.

Across

1 Pen caught Tharil [5]
4 Single rodent, sad, returns for scientist [7]
9 Two-Legs woman gets points on early 80s music [5]
10 Space station some admire [3]
11 Danga-de-dang, danga-de-dang, danga-de-dang, woo-oo? [5]
12 Communist plot alien reveals location of Sutekh and Slaar? [3,6]
13 Lara Croft first to top clown [5]
14 *Missing Adventure* – in which Foreign Office heads back Stor going among them behind the cricket ground [5,2,3,5]
16 'ector left Meep carved up on backstreet in first part of 60s tale [6,2,7]
22 Stowaway found in Jallalabad rickshaw [5]
23 Writer/actor's one article sounds saintly [3,6]
25 A Private underground is in nave backing south [5]
26 Hard morning for bad actor [3]
27 Novelist's first name could be Sonic [5]
28 Avon gets rat mistaken for back end of parrot? [7]
29 Peladon's Queen loses 51 Romans to become a mere Gond [5]

Down

1 Proscribe dead methane-breather lacking bottom – a monster which definitely *didn't* go against the grain! [7]
2 Inhabitant, almost like Tilda and Tabby, is in some bare side road [7]
3 Monsieur IX, or monsieur in apothecary? [7]
4 Surgeon up to fishy business round Mondas, mostly [5]
5 What the Swampies' torture does? Saint feels nauseous [9]
6 Assails copies of 6T? [7]
7 Frozen water can circle Spiridon feature [7]
8 Hot marge, nothing less, gets round dog-like being [3,4]
15 Note Rob is her companion [9]
16 Explorer is Rev Star in disguise [7]
17 A. Morgan directed Circus girl [7]
18 Insect, a poisoner [7]
19 Man rented companion's surname [7]
20 Oi! Senta! Get over Baltic state [7]
21 Quiet dance, one for Ace's friend [7]
24 Horned beast nominates front end to be backed [5]



DWM 281 crossword solution

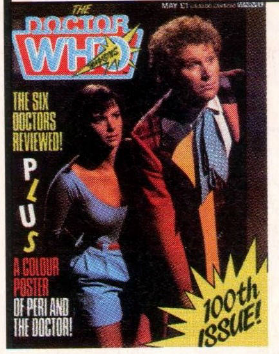
Across
1 Camara
4 Diplos
8 User
9 *Myth Makers*
11 Karn
12 Ogron
13 Rani
14 Precedent
16 Tyler
17 Adric
19 Vivien Fay
23 Karl
24 Hairy
25 Cook
26 Susan Engel
27 Lair
28 Ashton
29 Scobie

Down
1 Cessair
2 Maren
3 Rumford
5 Idmon
6 Lakertyan
7 Scringe
10 Taron
15 Cailleach
18 Dracula
20 Icing
21 Idyllic
22 Axonite
24 Haemo
25 Calib

Hidden name:
KROAGNON

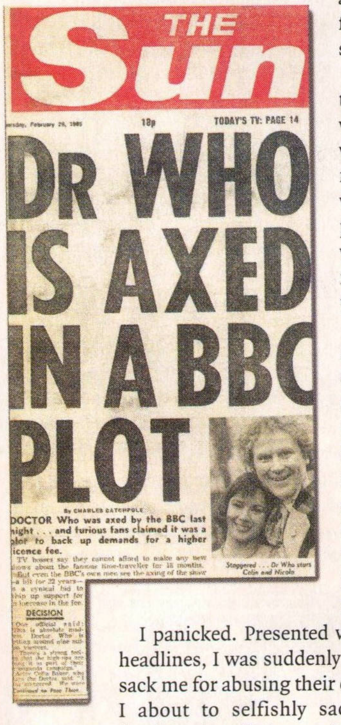
Help!

With a new Doctor taking the lead in a run of the most keenly-anticipated stories in some time, **Doctor Who Magazine** should have notched up a century of issues in buoyant mood – but on Wednesday 27 February, the fragrant Sue Lawley revealed via the *Six O'Clock News* that, "The Time Lord's time is up." The series is being 'rested' for 18 months, according to some; "AXED" altogether, according to *The Sun*. Fandom reeled. Letters were written, switchboards jammed, televisions smashed – and **Sue Cowley** began a one-woman crusade to save *Doctor Who* from extinction . . .


THE DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
MAY £1
THE SIX DOCTORS REVIEWED!
PLUS
A COLOUR POSTER OF PERI AND THE DOCTOR!
100th ISSUE!

In every generation there is a Chosen One. In 1985 *Doctor Who* needed championing. It needed someone to snatch it back from the very maw of the Michael Grade Hellmouth and deliver it safely back to our TV screens. Had I known better then, had I known of the Mel yet to come, of the Kandyman and Ken Dodd – had I known, in fact, that this was the Beginning of the End – maybe I'd have thought to concentrate on my A-levels, instead of trying to fight the mighty bureaucratic beast that is the BBC.

But no. In 1985 I was 17, and prepared to win my Sad Fangirl stripes in any way I could (bear in mind this was the year my name first appeared in **DWM**, having shamelessly abused the still-frame capacity of our spanking new V2000 player to laboriously transcribe the text on the computer screens of Space Station J7 for the benefit of the *Matrix Data Bank*). I entered the fray, armed only with a collection of black felt-tip pens and a handful of dodgy slogans to rally the masses.



THE Sun

rsday, February 28, 1985 18p TODAY'S TV: PAGE 14

DR WHO IS AXED IN A BBC PLOT

By CHARLES CATCHPOLE

DOCTOR Who was axed by the BBC last night . . . and furious fans claimed it was a plot to back up demands for a higher licence fee.

TV bosses say they cannot afford to make any new shows about the famous time-traveller for 18 months. But even the BBC's own men see the axing of the show – a hit for 22 years – as a cynical bid to whip up support for an increase in the fee.

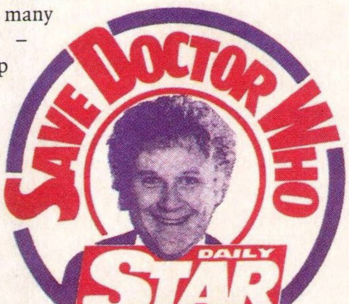
DECISION

Staggered . . . Dr Who stars Colin and Nicola

An illicit photocopying session at the BBC local radio station where I was working scored my first moral victory: I was turning the Beeb's own resources against them! My posters went off to all the national newspapers. I congratulated myself on a job well done, and returned to my interminable A to Z cataloguing of all things *Who* . . .

The phone call from *The Sun* shouldn't have come as a shock, of course. A less naive 17-year-old might have anticipated a response from the tabloids. But the astonishing fact was that I was totally unprepared to deal with the consequences of my actions. My plan had been not so much ill-considered as un-considered. And now there was a hack on the phone asking who my favourite Doctor was . . .

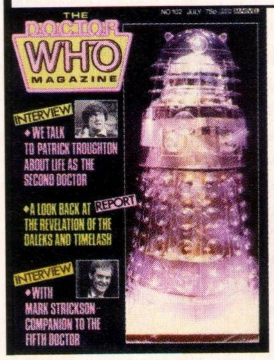
I panicked. Presented with a real opportunity to grab some headlines, I was suddenly terrified that the radio station would sack me for abusing their office supplies. Could I risk it? Or was I about to selfishly sacrifice the future of my favourite programme for the sake of job security? And then the hack asked me how many supporters my campaign had – perhaps he could arrange a group photo?



Oops. At this point I was forced to admit that our ranks consisted of me, an overworked black marker pen, and my cat (who, if interrogated, would deny any involvement). The hack's interest withered instantly.

Fate is cruel. Had I piqued the interest of another tabloid I might have salvaged something from the situation. Had I been brave and brazen enough I probably could have made it to Page Three with a Dalek and become an iconic fanbabe, inciting TV executives to reconsider their foolish decision. Which, naturally, would have led to a small guest role in Season 23 . . .

But how were fans to fill the then-unthinkably long 18-month gap before Season 23? The privileged few, of course, had old *Doctor Who* on tap. Hand-in-hand with the home video boom came a boom in pirate video – usually washed-out Pertwees from Perth, but sometimes snowy Troughtons run off 'after hours' by a nervous BBC apprentice engineer. Somewhere in Wales, **Ed Stradling** was determined to break into the black market . . .


NO 102 JULY 75p
THE DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
INTERVIEW
• WE TALK TO PATRICK TROUGHTON ABOUT LIFE AS THE SECOND DOCTOR
REPORT
• A LOOK BACK AT THE REVELATION OF THE DALEKS AND TIMELASH
INTERVIEW
• WITH MARK STRICKSON – COMPANION TO THE FIFTH DOCTOR

Our most exciting video haul to date had come earlier in the year, when rumour started going round school that Ross Smith had everything from *Meglos* onwards. After endless detective work and a trek half-way round Penarth to his grandmother's house, where these tapes were allegedly housed, we eagerly grabbed *Time-Flight*, *The Curse of Peladon* and the edited *Genesis of the Daleks*, but everything else had been wiped. Prior to that, all we had was Season 22, some of 20 and 21 and, of course, *Revenge of the Cybermen*. Everybody had *Revenge of the Cybermen*.

But the big break came in July. I had responded to an advert placed in the DWAS newsletter by Simon Cogan, who ran the Cardiff Local Group at the time. He rang me up and I must have blubbed, because he told me they had all the stories on video – and one guy was selling copies. They were meeting next week somewhere in Roath – and *we* were welcome!

I rang Rob and Griff, my two partners-in-crime, and neither of them believed me. We had often talked about one day getting all the episodes of *Doctor Who* on video in the same way as we had talked about one day playing for Liverpool – it had just been a dream, but suddenly the reality was within reach.

After what seemed like years, the day of the meeting arrived. They showed half-a-dozen or so episodes, and we couldn't really believe what we were seeing: *Frontier in Space* Episode Six (how we laughed at the Draconian's platform shoes), *Stones of Blood* Part Three, *Mawdryn Undead* Part Two . . . The quality was a bit ropey, of course, but hey, we didn't care. By the end of the afternoon we had foisted a dozen or so blank tapes on the video peddler and handed over what, for me, was most of my birthday money.

A couple of weeks later . . . well, you can just imagine. Mum gave us a lift in to pick up the tapes one Sunday, and we couldn't get back to Penarth fast enough. By the end of the afternoon we'd watched *Logopolis*, *Castrovalva* and *The Sea Devils*, and we were in heaven – they were *brill*. There was the odd exception, of course: *Day of the Daleks* certainly didn't live up to the excitement of the Target novel, and we didn't think much of *The Sontaran Experiment* even then. Unfortunately the quality of one or two of the tapes, notably *The*

Day of the Daleks: the film of the (rather better) book

Photos: BBC Video [5]

A day in the life

The time October 1987
The place BBC Television Centre, London
The occasion BBC2 review programme *Did You See . . . ?* investigates *Doctor Who*
Eyewitness Peter Anghelides

The BBC researcher really wanted to interview an Oxford postgrad research student about *Doctor Who*. In the end, he seemed happy to make do with me: a Media Researcher who worked in Oxford, possibly reached by accident in a freak misdial from the BBC switchboard.

I was allowed the afternoon off work, so that I could be interviewed on film at the BBC Shepherds Bush offices. My boss insisted that I appear in our company jacket, a hideous design which the Sixth Doctor would have refused to wear because it made him look stupid.

There was no fee, but the BBC paid my train fare, and I signed a standard contract: 'we can use this for anything we want, cut it to ribbons, sell it to Nigeria, and then burn the original negatives,' you know the sort of thing.

I can't remember now who the interviewer was, but I recall that either the sound man or the lighting man worked on the Brighton Beach location shoot for *The Leisure Hive*. One fanzine editor, then a member of a motley pressure group called 'Operation Who', attempted to 'brief' me ahead of the filming about how I should rubbish the then-producer John Nathan-Turner. I ignored this advice, of course. Besides, I'd been asked to comment on each Doctor's character. I memorised a series of pithy, telling summations of each Doctor, most of which I now affect to have forgotten but all of which my friends mercilessly lampoon to this very day.

The other *Did You See . . . ?* interviewees were Manuel Alvarado (co-author of *Doctor Who: the Unfolding Text*), record producer Ian Levine, and my friend and fellow author Jeremy Bentham (whom JN-T would later unkindly describe in his memoirs as "one of the fan glitterati").

For transmission, the BBC wisely chose to show little of me and my Pangol hairstyle, instead using my voiceover with lots of clips of the Doctors in action. If I'd known this beforehand, I'd have worried less about keeping my eyebrows from waggling about when I was talking and more about putting some inflection into my dreary nasal tones. As it is, it's a wonder that the viewers stayed awake beyond my contribution to the piece – which is a pity, since they'd have missed Jeremy's extraordinary metaphor about shooting a blind man's guide dog (or something).

The BBC wisely chose to show as little of me and my Pangol hairstyle as possible

They'd already been to film Ian Levine at his house, since they wanted shots of him wandering around his vast collection of tapes and memorabilia. Rather cruelly, I thought, they shot him watching TV from what looked like a vast beanbag, and from a ludicrously low angle – all of which unfairly made the unfortunate man look like Jabba the Hutt before the Slimfast Diet.

All the remaining interviews, including mine, were done in the same tiny BBC office, though with the set suitably redressed and relit to suggest a much larger location budget than they really had. Manuel, for example, had a video recorder and a TV set stuck behind him ('media lecturer', geddit?). Jeremy had to perch on a windowsill above a radiator (perhaps suggesting 'fan historian throws self from second-floor window after guide dog gaffe').

There were frequent breaks during the filming, because a group of workmen outside the window kept throwing plate glass into a skip. Maybe this accounts for my flat monotone, as all my inspirational and off-the-cuff remarks (so carefully rehearsed in advance) probably sounded jaded after Take Nine.

With hindsight, my most important contribution was when I politely reminded my interviewer that his list of Doctors had unaccountably omitted Peter Davison. I don't think they can have liked Davison much – they even misspelled his name on the final programme.

They got *mine* right, though.

Deadly Assassin, rendered them totally unwatchable (we're talking ninth or tenth generation VHS here), but we spent the next week or so totally immersed in the new tapes. Fantastic.

From then on, we managed to avoid paying for any more tapes, using those we had to trade with other fans. Aside from getting hold of a comparatively good colour copy of *The Dæmons* and a better version of *The Deadly Assassin* (ie, one in which Goth didn't sprout two heads when he got up from his chair), the most memorable occasion of the rest of 1985 was trying to explain to my first-ever girlfriend the significance of having just got a copy of the first Dalek story. Some things'll never change.

I don't have any of those eighth generation videos nowadays, but I still have the memories. Great days.

Perhaps the single most remarkable aspect of the 'lost' year-and-a-half between 1985 and 1986, however, was the huge expansion in fanzine production – the thought being, presumably, that if *Doctor Who* wasn't around, we'd better do it ourselves. In the real world, entrepreneur Eddie Shah was busy taking on the Fleet Street barons, producing the daily newspaper *Today* at a fraction of the usual costs; meanwhile, **Peter Ware** was one of the many mini-moguls challenging **DWM** itself . . .

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
8 EXTRA COLOUR PAGES!
INTERVIEWS:
CHRIS ACHILLEOS
& CAROLINE JOHN
THE FIRST SHORT STORY COMPETITION WINNER
NEW SEASON PIN-UP PLUS FANTASY MALES

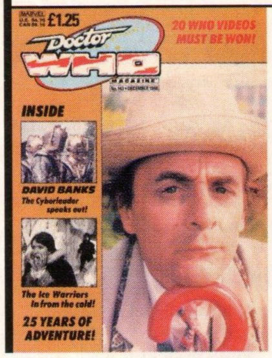
Do they still make Letraset? You know, the transfer lettering that people used to use before computer printing made the stuff redundant? It's just that I have such fond memories of it from the mid-1980s – those heady days when *the* thing for any keen young *Doctor Who* fan to do was to produce their own fanzine with the legendary Letraset to make their creation look as professional as possible. Back then, it seemed a dozen new 'zines appeared every month. Publications such as Gary Russell's *Shada*, David Howe's *Oracle* and, of course, the *Doctor Who* Appreciation Society's own *TARDIS*, had paved the way. Story reviews, fan fiction and articles on Pat Troughton's trousers were all neatly typed, on a proper typewriter, with terribly neat headings constructed of those perfectly-formed pre-fabricated characters. And so it was, shortly after Colin Baker's colourful debut, that I set off to my local WH Smith's for six assorted packs of Letraset, a new typewriter ribbon and a bottle of Tipp-Ex. A heady investment – a week's pocket money, at least – but it would be worth it, for I knew that soon, thanks to me, the world of *Doctor Who* would be changed forever as I blessed it with the fanzine it had been waiting for: *Chronic Hysteresis*!

Only, of course, it didn't quite happen that way. Leaving aside the fact that it was probably a mistake to name my (on reflection) rather modest effort after the most irritating element of the (perhaps not entirely classic) story *Meglos*, the big problem with my 'zine was its content. What could I write that hadn't been written a dozen times before? Well, I couldn't, simple as that. But what I *could* do was enlist the services of the many friends I had made through the DWAS Local Group network – talented individuals who could not only provide wacky deconstructions of *The Macra Terror*, but could also create original artwork based on the aborted *Space Whale* story. I edited the assembled articles together with an enthusiasm born of youth, adding the rather marvellous wheeze that the zine travelled in time, so that the first issue available was actually Number Two. Thus it was, with a budget that the crew of *The Space Museum* would have laughed at, that I launched my publishing career. I waited for the orders to flood in.

Chronic Hysteresis lasted three issues in all. Like so many fanzines of the time, it suffered a quiet, unannounced demise. My desire to see my name in print had been fulfilled. Educational commitments were beckoning. And getting the damn thing produced at Prontaprint was phenomenally expensive! But the experience I had of creating my own publication, based on the show I love, is one that I cherish. Many of the people I cajoled into contributing remain friends to this day. And, if anyone's interested, I still have a large box of back issues and five packs of Letraset in my attic . . .

07
CHRONIC
HYSTERESIS
CARRY ON DOCTOR WHO
NO.6

It's 1988. *The Trial of a Time Lord* has come and gone, as has Colin Baker. The new Doctor is Sylvester McCoy – and, for many, *Remembrance of the Daleks*, the first story of his second year, is, and continues to be, a revelation. But the series' critical renaissance was as nothing to viewers such as young **Darren Hill**, for whom *Remembrance* was just another story. *Silver Nemesis*, on the other hand . . .



I was nine years old, and had only been watching *Doctor Who* in earnest for two months, my interest having been sparked by the discovery of a small *Who* section in my local mobile library over the summer. By *Silver Nemesis* Part One, I was well and truly hooked; 7.35pm on Wednesday had already become the most eagerly anticipated time of the whole week, and so it was with intense excitement that I sat down to watch the start of this new story.

The majority of the 25 minutes had passed blissfully, until, out of the blue, a fantastic spaceship landed right in front of Doctor Who. Some half-recognised silver men stepped out, which he informed me were Cybermen.

Instantly, I became a Cyber-fanatic. For the whole week I couldn't stop talking about the creatures I used to think of as 'human Daleks'; the very next day I was at the mobile library demanding *Doctor Who and the Cybermen* despite neither myself nor the librarian having any knowledge of its existence (I'd read *Doctor Who and the Daleks* and *Doctor Who and the Ice Warriors* so had simply assumed there was such a book). I was delighted, therefore, to find it on sale in the local bookshop. This discovery to some extent contained my excitement for the next episode, which, when it arrived, more than lived up to my expectations. The next week, disaster struck: Cubs had been moved forward a day, meaning I wouldn't be able to see the final episode. Thankfully, my Dad videoed it for me and I watched it the moment I got back. I watched again in the morning, and when I got back home from school. And again, again and again until I must have known every line of dialogue off by heart: each viewing would not diminish my absolute joy at the episodes' complete perfection.

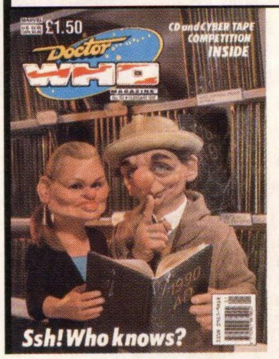
Silver Nemesis: awesomely powerful

I would have been devastated if I had read the fans' reaction to the story. Of course, I was totally oblivious to the fact that it was the show's 25th anniversary story, unaware of the significance of the 23 November (in fact, I didn't even know what year *Doctor Who* had started, and frankly I didn't care – what mattered was it was on *now*).

I wasn't able to tell that it had the same plot as *Remembrance of the Daleks*. As far as I was concerned, the Cybermen were awesomely powerful giants, not gullible weaklings, and their spaceship didn't look rubbish. I could sit through the scenes with Dolores Gray and the skinheads without cringing. And to me, Doctor Who truly was the man of mystery that the story struggled to repaint him. In short, I was completely incapable of criticism.

Now sadly, I have 'grown up', and am a 'proper' fan, to whom puerile, essentially irrelevant details matter, suppressing that child-like wonder which captivated me in the first place. Next time I watch *Silver Nemesis*, I'm going to imagine I'm nine again.

DWM's first decade ended in limbo; issue 155's *Gallifrey Guardian* confidently reported that a longer-than-usual gap between Seasons 26 and 27 could be expected as the series moved to independent production, but there was no cause for alarm – *Doctor Who* would be back, and soon. So when *Survival* Part Three was transmitted on BBC1, no-one imagined that the date of Wednesday 6 December 1989 would become as entrenched in fans' memories as that of Saturday 23 November 1963 – but, as time went on, **Jim Smith** began to fear the worst . . .



Endings matter. Endings give meaning. The final episode of a TV series is important. Done right, it offers more than basic closure and answers to long-asked questions. A good ending gives a programme its final shape, can even make it seem as if the series was inevitably heading this way all along. The most impressive examples, such as those afforded to *Doctor Who*'s spiritual sibling *Blake's 7* or sitcoms like *Only Fools and Horses*, actually provide the filter through which the public still perceive the now-dead series; enshrine exactly how it will be remembered by the mass audience. Living, if you like, is in the way we die.

Doctor Who doesn't have an ending. It just stops. There's no scene where troops wipe out the regular cast, no liberation for the prisoners of Colditz, no surprise windfall of millions of pounds.

Nothing.

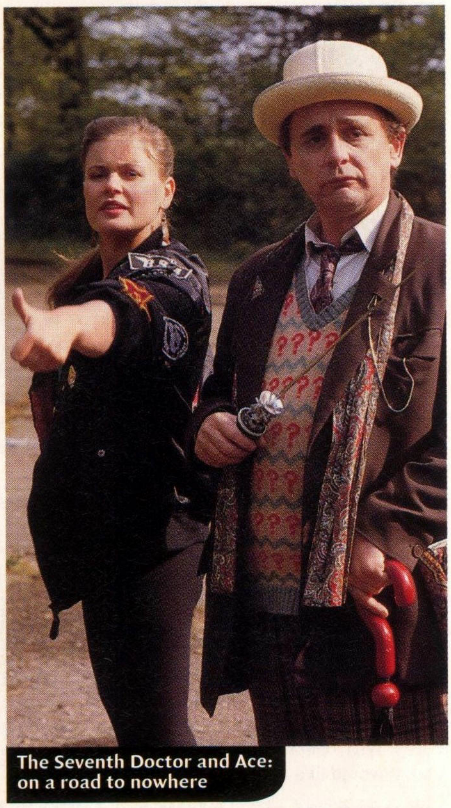
Without resorting to TS Eliot's beautiful cliché concerning bangs and whimpers, we all know the series didn't die well. *Survival* is a good story, but it isn't an ending, simply an end. It's an instalment, not a final bow. Even with its tacked-on soliloquy and walk-into-the-horizon, as a finale it lacks everything.

The end of *Doctor Who* isn't expected or planned. Worse, it isn't even admitted to. There's no announcement; just a lack of programme neatly smoothed over by the promise that normal service will be eventually resumed.

Flashback: I'm 11, 12 and 13 years old (this is how long it takes). It's a short walk from where I get off the school bus to the newsagent where I pick up my **DWM**. A short walk, but one that seems long and loaded with expectation. I'm 11 or 12 or 13 years old. I know nothing of publisher's lead times or magazine deadlines and every month for well over a year, I enter the shop hoping, maybe believing, that I'll open my logo-adorned purchase and the news will be there.

It never is. Eventually I realise that it never will be. It's a gnawing, protracted, slow-dawning realisation, a long and unpleasant process. "It's not been cancelled," I tell people. I'm missing the point. In order to stop a programme you don't have to 'cancel' it (whatever that actually *means*) you just have to not make it.

There was a moment when '*Doctor Who* returning' became '*Doctor Who* coming back'. It's a small distinction, but an important one. Although it only became irrevocable later, effectively in December 1989, *Doctor Who* the weekly television series that had run for 26 years, one month and six days, finished. We know that now, though we didn't know it then. The series ended. What's past is past. What's future, whatever form it takes, is resurrection, not continuation. The term 'Season 27', so often bounded around in the first quarter of the 1990s, no longer has any meaning.


The Seventh Doctor and Ace: on a road to nowhere

Endings matter, even when they're not really there. DWM

Gallifrey Grauniad Shock report!

From our special correspondent
ANDREW PIXLEY

For the last 20 years, DWM's *Gallifrey Guardian* pages have acquired a reputation of accuracy unparalleled in the whole of *Who* journalism. Month after month of fearless probing has resulted in a news archive which tells the full story of the last two decades *exactly as it happened*!

Except, of course, on the very few occasions when it didn't . . .

BEEP THE MEEP GETS 3000 YEARS

A Galactic Court sat yesterday to hear the case against one of the deadliest outlaws ever known – Beep the Meep . . . The Meep will serve a three thousand year sentence in one of the Universe's top security prisons [from **Doctor Who Weekly** issue 30, published April 1980]

A premature judgement, revoked after a mere 15 years – after which the 'reformed' Beep destroyed a cinema in Blackcastle

NEW COVER

With the help of some off-monitor photographs from the original BBC episodes, Target are able to produce a cover for *The Keys of Marinus* faithful to the 1964 serial [**DWW** 33, May 1980]

As opposed to any old picture of the TARDIS in space, then

A MARTER TO THE CAUSE

Recently, the novelisation of the serial *Enemy of the People* was removed from Target Books schedules . . . [**DWW** 36, June 1980]

. . . after the editors felt that references to local government corruption and venereal disease were out of place in former story editor Henrik Ibsen's script for the otherwise monster-packed Season Five

ITV CHALLENGES DR WHO'S VIEWING FIGURES

Loyal fans of *Dr Who* can take heart from one distinction between the ratings war in this country and the equivalent in America. Even if *Dr Who* does badly it will not necessarily dictate a cancellation, as the BBC takes many other factors into account [**Doctor Who Monthly** 46, October 1980]

February 1985 and March 1989: the BBC suspends *Doctor Who*, claiming that audiences are smaller than it would like

US WHO PLAY

Doctor Who is to tour the States as a stage play called *The Inheritors of Time*. The Doctor is to be played by 37-year-old Roger Muller from Chicago. There are plans to bring the play to London at a later date [**DWM** 109, January 1986]

The Inheritors of Time never gets a full tour. Instead the UK gets *The Ultimate Adventure* in March 1989, informing us that business is business throughout the galaxies, and to come to Bar Galactica for all star mer-cen-ar-ies

WHO'S WATCHING WHO

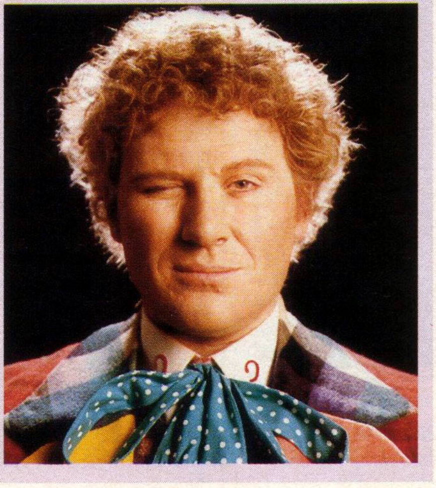
Producer John Nathan-Turner remains quietly confident that the series will win a popular response when it returns [**DWM** 111, March 1986]

6 September 1986: *The Trial of a Time Lord Part One* nets 4.9 million viewers – the lowest debut audience in 20 years

NEWS FROM THE BEEB

It has been widely rumoured that Colin Baker has signed up for a further run as the Doctor [**DWM** 121, January 1987]

29 October 1986: Colin Baker is told that he will not be in the next season



NO CHANGE

We asked John Nathan-Turner if he had any plans to introduce another companion . . . His reply: "There are no plans to bring in any new companions for this season . . ." [**DWM** 124, April 1987]

In fact, on 26 January 1987, John Nathan-Turner and Andrew Cartmel had issued an outline for a potential new companion, 'Alf' – later Ace

FILMING IN FOREIGN PARTS

By now location shooting on the Coast to Coast *Doctor Who* movie should have started in Ireland and the Canary Islands [**DWM** 136, April 1988]

Should have. Hadn't. Never did.

PRODUCER MOVES ON

John Nathan-Turner has announced that he is moving on from *Doctor Who* to a new BBC project . . . He leaves *Doctor Who* at the end of Season 25 [**DWM** 137, May 1988]

September 1988: John Nathan-Turner starts commissioning scripts for Season 26

SEASON 25: POST-PRODUCTION UNDERWAY

Doctor Who will not be running against ITV's *Coronation Street* on Monday nights [**DWM** 138, June 1988]

From 5 October 1988: *Doctor Who* runs against ITV's *Coronation Street* on Wednesday nights

CANCELLATION RUMOURS NONSENSE

There has been a spate of unfounded rumours regarding the future of the show . . . **DWM**'s own enquiries indicate that these reports are without foundation [**DWM** 149, May 1989]

August 1989: *Doctor Who* suspended

DOCTOR WHO THE MOVIE: GREEN LIGHT AT LAST!

Coast to Coast have now bought all rights to produce a *Doctor Who* film and expect to go into production in November [1989] . . . co-producer Peter Litten said . . . "Nobody would have spent the money we have for a film that isn't going to happen" [**DWM** 152, August 1989]

Well, *somebody* did. I wonder who?

DOCTOR WHO IN 92?

After months of speculation, the BBC have announced *Doctor Who*'s independent production will start in 1992 [**DWM** 177, August 1991]

15 January 1996: Production re-starts on *Doctor Who*

REVELATION UP FOR SF AWARD

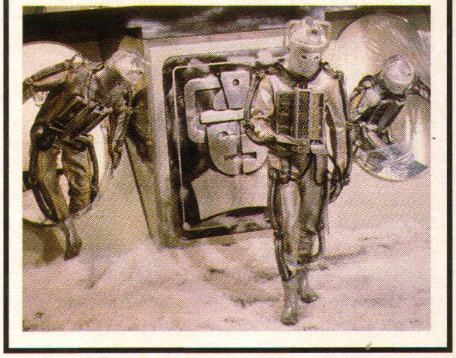
Furthermore, Andrew Pixley will be one of the co-writers on a massive and definitive *Blake's 7* work, which has now been given the go-ahead [**DWM** 181, November 1991]

Ah, well, you see, what actually happened was, well, you know what these things are like, even the best-laid plans sort of, well, don't go quite the way that . . . Okay, it didn't happen

LOST STORIES: AUDIO RELEASES PLANNED

Regarding current rumours about *Tomb of the Cybermen*, [Adam Lee, BBC Archive Selector] told **DWM** that: "It is very unlikely that a copy . . . exists in this country, if anywhere" [**DWM** 180, October 1991]

20 January 1992: *The Tomb of the Cybermen* recovered from Hong Kong



SCIENCE FICTION SPRING TURNS BLEAK

November [1992] may then see . . . an extended *Delta and the Bannermen* release. The extended material is thought to be largely out takes, some of which were shown on *Noel Edmunds Breakfast Show* [sic] in 1988 . . . An extended version of the controversial *The Happiness Patrol* is also said to be under consideration for video release [in 1993] [**DWM** 182, December 1991]

September 1999: *Delta and the Bannermen* still not available on BBC Video. Non-extended version of *The Happiness Patrol* released 4 August 1997

BBC ENTERPRISES: FULL STEAM AHEAD FOR 93?

Doctor Who – The Documentaries is another special provisionally planned for next year. Coupling the 1977 *The Lively Arts* documentary *Whose Doctor Who?* with the recent *Resistance Is Useless* programme . . . Further *The Years Tapes* are in very early planning stages – obviously featuring *The Davison Years*, *The Colin Baker Years* and *The McCoy Years* [**DWM** 191, September 1992]

One out of four ain't bad

TENTH PLANET 4 RETURNED?

Following this year's discovery of *The Tomb of the Cybermen* comes the return of another Cyberman classic – Episode 4 of *The Tenth Planet* . . . After a few weeks, news came back that . . . the tape was blank after all . . . As well as the good news about the return of *The Tenth Planet* Episode 4 . . . [**DWM** 194, November 1992]

A schizophrenic report which suggests words such as 'gun' and 'jumping the'

HOW WILL THE DOCTOR CELEBRATE HIS THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY?

Home Video may consider producing a special Thirtieth Anniversary drama production, which will form the core of Enterprises commitment to celebrating this important event [**DWM** 195, December 1994]

The proposed Thirtieth Anniversary video special . . . is now official, confirmed, and up and running! [**DWM** 202, July 1993]

9 July 1993: *The Dark Dimension* cancelled

DOCTOR WHO ON RADIO FOR THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY?

Terrance Dicks and Eric Saward are two names being suggested as writers for the project [**DWM** 196, January 1993]

Eric Saward must be the top contender for the writing credit . . . [**DWM** 197, March 1993]

21 May 1993: Recording begins on *The Paradise of Death*, by Barry Letts

CHARITY WHO

Doctor Who is to make a brief return . . . as two playlets as parts of the BBC's annual Children-in-Need campaign . . . producer John Nathan-Turner describes them as fast-moving mini-adventures, and definitely not a spoof in any way [**DWM** 205, September 1993]

26 November 1993: *Dimensions in Time* airs. No comment

TARGET FACELIFT

Beginning in May [1994] a series of limited edition quality hardcover reprints [of Target novelisations] in large-format will be available. Printed on high-quality, woven-bond paper, each book will present five *Doctor Who* novelisations linked by a common theme . . . and will also come with six newly-commissioned art prints . . . Each will come inside a special slipcase to keep it pristine. The books will cost something in the region of £75 and will be limited to a thousand copies available via mail-order only from Virgin [**DWM** 209, January 1994]

March 1994: Project abandoned, suggesting words such as 'blood', 'stone' and 'squeezing from'

CYBERMEN AND YETI TO BATTLE IN VIDEO SALES WAR

The new video project from Bill Baggs . . . will be an all-new adventure featuring the Cybermen. Provisionally titled *Cyber-War*, it will be produced in association with the World Leisure Corporation . . . The script . . . will almost certainly showcase a new form of redesigned Cyberman for the Nineties [**DWM** 224, March 1995]

Never happened

NEW DOCUMENTARIES BONANZA

Doctor Who – 30 Years of Time Travel and Beyond . . . is due to feature new interviews with all the surviving Doctors and other luminaries including . . . Graeme Harper [**DWM** 228, July 1995]

[. . . and also a scene where . . .] Mike Tucker and Tony Harding take *Ghost Light*'s Ian Hogg on a tour of the BBC Visual Effects workshop . . . [**DWM** 229, August 1995]

25 September 1995: Tape released. No Graeme Harper. No Mike Tucker, No Tony Harding. No Ian Hogg. No Tom Baker.

NEW DOCTOR WHO FOR SPRING 1997?

It is understood that BBC Radio and the BBC Audio Collection . . . are in the early stages of developing a new *Doctor Who* serial . . . Tom Baker is favourite to take over the lead role . . . working to a script from former TV *Doctor Who* script editor Eric Saward; this is rumoured to be a story concerning the origins of the Cybermen [**DWM** 243, August 1996]

Didn't happen

PROGRESS SLOW BUT SURE ON NEW TV MOVIE

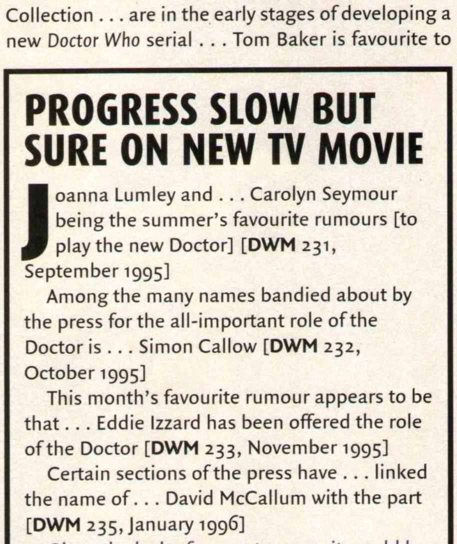
Joanna Lumley and . . . Carolyn Seymour being the summer's favourite rumours [to play the new Doctor] [**DWM** 231, September 1995]

Among the many names bandied about by the press for the all-important role of the Doctor is . . . Simon Callow [**DWM** 232, October 1995]

This month's favourite rumour appears to be that . . . Eddie Izzard has been offered the role of the Doctor [**DWM** 233, November 1995]

Certain sections of the press have . . . linked the name of . . . David McCallum with the part [**DWM** 235, January 1996]

Given the lack of concrete news, it would be tempting to believe that the editorial team simply printed a photograph of an actor they admired and associated it with a 'rumour'. But that'd never happen . . . would it?



DOCTOR ON CALL

In March [1997], Tele-Global Marketing Ltd will be launching a . . . *Doctor Who* Interactive Telephone Line. The service . . . will include noticeboards where fans can leave messages to one another, a role-playing game, news bulletins, interviews, competitions and special offers . . . TMG's Mike Ellison promises that the fan-driven service will bring a new life and dimension to the worlds of *Doctor Who* [**DWM** 248, February 1997]

Tele-Global fail to get to grips with the up-and-coming technological marvel that is the Internet

TOM ON TAPE THIS SUMMER!

Tom Baker is to narrate *Doctor Who: 4 x 4*, a quartet of short stories featuring his fourth incarnation of the Doctor to be released on cassette by BBC Worldwide in July [1998] . . . Tom will be recording 4 x 4 during April [**DWM** 264, April 1998]

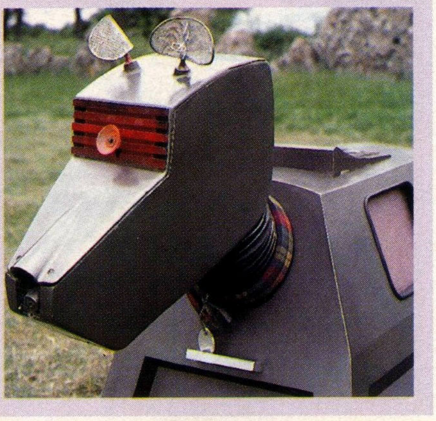
Tom Baker does not record 4 x 4 in April . . . or at all, in fact

HE'S BACK

K9 . . . is to return solo in a four-part television serial intended as the precursor to a whole new series . . . The BBC are said to have expressed interest in purchasing broadcast rights in the pilot, which will be filmed later this year on a seven-figure budget [**DWM** 253, June 1997]

It is hoped that a full deal can be struck in the first half of 1998, with K9's return proper following shortly afterwards [**DWM** 258, October 1997]

September 1999: Still no sign of K9



DOCTOR WHO TIE-IN DOCUMENTARIES PLANNED FOR 98

BBC Manchester are in the early stages of planning a *Monster Night* . . . for BBC2 . . . One project they are seriously considering is a 40-minute documentary of the subject of *Doctor Who* nasties [**DWM** 265, May 1998]

Top comedians Lee and Herring spend a couple of minutes cracking Dalek gags

CELESTIAL TOYMAKER NOT FOUND IN CANADA

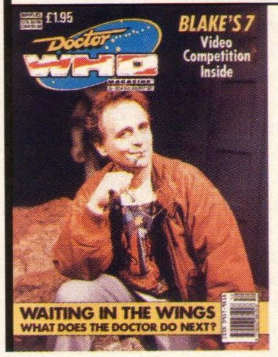
The moral of these stories? As ever, the only reliable source for *Doctor Who* information remains that printed in *Gallifrey Guardian* [**DWM** 277, April 1999]

No change there, then

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

All you need is love

Let's be honest, the early 1990s were the bleakest, leanest years *Doctor Who* had ever known. With no definitive statement of outright cancellation forthcoming, fans, prospective independent producers – even licenced magazine editors – found themselves in a total vacuum, unable to break what appeared, at times, to be a conspiracy of silence. Days of Protest came and went – but perhaps fandom's by-now battle-weary campaigners didn't have the faith to realise that it takes more than an indefinite break in production to finish the Doctor off. **Neil Fox**, for example, came to *Doctor Who* after the fact – or, just maybe, at the beginning . . .



1991 was a dark time for *Doctor Who*. The prospect of new TV episodes seemed more remote than ever, and enquiries to the BBC were met with a depressingly generic reply; that unforgettable phrase, "languishing in the backwaters of audience popularity", was so hurtful because it was true. Starved of TV exposure the Time Lord's adventures were fading fast from the collective consciousness of The General Viewing Public – which, at that time, I was part of.

Then, quite unexpectedly, something happened. On an unremarkable Bank Holiday afternoon in August, *Doctor Who*'s Pilot Episode was transmitted as part of BBC2's *The Lime Grove Story*.

It was the day I became a fan.

The Pilot Episode was the most breathtaking 25 minutes of television I had ever seen, and its effect on my impressionable 16 year-old self was profound. That day I succumbed to the urge to dig out my half-remembered copy of the *Doctor Who Monster Book* from a dusty pile of ancient annuals. Within a fortnight I had discovered the joy of BBC Video. By the time Christmas displays were appearing in the High Street I had chanced upon my first issue of **DWM**. From then on there was no looking back.

You may be asking why a roughly-hewn dry run of *An Unearthly Child* should command such adoration. Here's why: genuine warm-hearted humanity come across in Ian and Barbara's first scene together; intrigue is created by the strange and precocious behaviour of Susan (what is that ink blot test in aid of?); subdued menace underpins Hartnell's stunning debut as the Doctor; and the sheer spectacle when the Ship's impossibly cavernous interior makes its first shock appearance.

In short, the Pilot Episode showcases everything which is great about *Doctor Who*.

That a piece deemed untransmittable at the time of its production survived the archive purge to be transmitted some 28 years later, is remarkable. That on comparison with its *bona fide* counterpart, it should reveal itself to be superior in terms of immediacy, atmosphere and characterisation, is little short of miraculous.

The Pilot Episode is compelling viewing not despite, but rather because of, its 'unofficial' status. Its transmission on BBC Television cold-shouldered 'canon' and, in doing so, pointed the way to the future. *Doctor Who* 1990s-style would survive, indeed flourish, in the absence of a regular TV series by virtue of such diversity. Friends and enemies old and new would enjoy multitudinous multimedia adventures as boundaries between fans and industry professionals became increasingly blurred; controversy would abound as a brief TV revival revealed the Doctor to be half the man he was; and a charity send-up would rub shoulders with 'proper' *Doctor Who* in the BBC Video release schedule . . .

An Unearthly Child: subdued menace

But we're getting ahead of ourselves. Satellite channels like BSB and later UK Gold began to run archive episodes on a regular basis; the Pilot Episode's BBC2 repeat was followed soon after by *Resistance is Useless*, a half-half-hour clips compilation which in turn heralded a lengthy run of early evening repeats, all of which proved to be someone's first exposure to the show – indeed, unbelievably, more episodes of *Doctor Who* were aired on BBC Television in 1992 than had been in any year since 1984. **Andrew Orton** was one of those ardent new viewers . . .

MARVEL
DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
In this issue
WHO'S AMERICA?
The Doctor Abroad
THOSE RADIO TIMES
Tom Baker takes the stage
THE VISITATION Remembered
Creating THE MIND ROBBER
THE DOCTOR'S ADVENTURES CONTINUE INSIDE!

Back in early 1991, I was eight, and hooked on *Transformers*. Those holiday morning adventures of the 'robots in disguise' paved the way for me to become the *Doctor Who* fan I am today.

My cousin had bought two tapes of a programme called *Doctor Who*, and had loaned them to my brother, who I must still thank for watching the tapes while I was present. Knowing little of the old programme at the point, beyond dim memories of a guy in a question mark-emblazoned pullover at a circus, I sat down to watch the first of these videos, which, due to my misreading of the box, I knew was about someone called 'Brian Morbius'. I was intrigued by the lead character (and his eyes); Condo's death was far less scary than Tom Baker. Forgetting about the non-appearance of someone called Brian, I realised I wanted more. The other video was *The Five Doctors*, which partly explained those old TV quiz questions about two *Doctor Who* actors having the same surname (I'll leave you to work out who).

Mandy Solon, meet Brian Morbius

I went out to find anything I could about *Doctor Who*, borrowing videos and magazines. However, my greatest prize was to be found in the school library, for amid those books about 1970s footballers and the Moomins, was a book about a Giant Robot. I soon began buying novelisations for myself. Jean-Marc Lofficier was a godsend. I still have a school project about the programme from when I was ten (I got four and-a-half out of five, due to sloppy handwriting). And it seems ironic that the first full episode I saw on television was the very first *Doctor Who* made: the Pilot Episode.

Of course, I was bound to get stick from my mates when they realised I was a fan, but I didn't care. Their knowledge of the programme consisted of

Photos: BBC Video [3] BBC [2]

satellite TV broadcasts featuring some maggots, or Peter Cushing, or – heaven forbid – something in black and white. They preferred the glossiness of the *Star Trek* pap, or a million other identical big-budget American shows, which *Doctor Who* could rarely live up to in terms of effects. And yet they'd missed out on so much. If only they'd given it a chance.

Occasionally, in interviews, people like Elisabeth Sladen talk about *Doctor Who* coming to a whole new generation through the stories' availability on video – and I realise that she is talking about me, and it seems strange. After 30 years, *Doctor Who* still has the power to entertain, to pull new viewers in. Since I first watched 'Brian Morbius' back in 1991, I've kept with the programme. If discontinued *Doctor Who* can catch one person like that, then just imagine what a whole new series would do. This is what *Doctor Who* means to me: it's still as interesting now as it was three decades ago, and still has something to give to (for want of a better term) 'the next generation'.

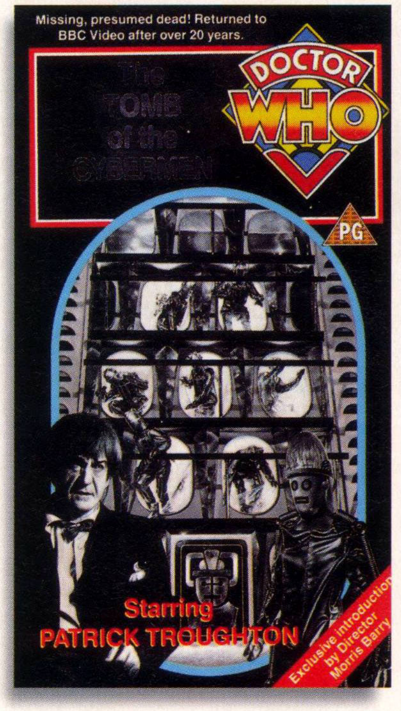
Dominating the fan press in the early part of 1992 was a news story no less shocking than that which had dominated 1985 – but, for once, it proved to be an entirely welcome surprise. Old and new guard alike would be united by a (literally) incredible discovery in Hong Kong (of all places! Fancy!). On hearing of this turn of events, however, **Jim Sangster** was playing Doubting Thomas . . .

MARVEL
BACK ON TV
DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
THE TOMB OF THE CYBERMEN Exclusive photographs!
FREE DOCTOR WHO POSTCARDS
DELTA AND THE BANNERMEN Full archive inside!
New fiction inside: THE FIRST DOCTOR meets ERIC THE RED by John Lucarotti

Doctor Who fandom had always been a hotbed of rumours and half-truths – throughout the 1980s, we were forever passing on stories about who might be the next Doctor, which old enemies might be returning and so on. But one type of rumour always caused more excitement than any other. "Have you heard?" a friend would ask, hoping against hope that you hadn't. "They've found *Tomb of the Cybermen* in an attic above a garage in Devon!" Lost episodes – never have so many been kept on tenterhooks by so little. While the many finds over the years have significantly added to our understanding and enjoyment of the show, the amount of episodes recovered since that interview with Sue Malden of BBC Archives in **DWM**'s 1981 *Winter Special* – which first revealed to most the number of the gaps in *Doctor Who*'s history – remains criminally outweighed by the number of episodes still missing.

At the end of 1989, we first began to hear rumours (yes, that old word again) that we might have to wait a little longer than usual for a new series. As months turned into years, many fans (myself included) began to grow suspicious of the BBC's 'official' assurances that a new series was on the way. So we did the next best thing – we returned to the past, rewatched episodes we'd seen over and over again, bided our time until something new came along.

In the spring of 1992, an old rumour resurfaced to taunt us once again: "TOMB FOUND!" boasted a hundred fanzine headlines, and for a while it seemed like some sick joke. "Don't you realise how cruel this is?" I wanted to scream. "We've waited all this time to see something new and you drag up the one rumour I *know* to be complete rubbish!" It wasn't even credible – what would canisters of a complete missing story be doing in Hong Kong? Didn't those fanzine editors know that missing episodes are only to be found beneath church halls, or at village fetes?

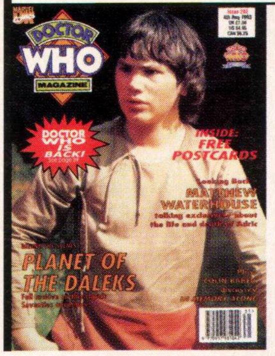

Missing, presumed dead! Returned to BBC Video after over 20 years.
The TOMB of the CYBERMEN
DOCTOR WHO
PG
Starring PATRICK TROUGHTON
Exclusive Introduction by Director Morris Barry

And then, **DWM** confirmed the truth – *The Tomb of the Cybermen* had indeed been unearthed on the other side of the world. I prayed that maybe it had been languishing in the store-cupboard of some missionary or other, just to lend it that element of kudos. But then it all started getting really weird – BBC Enterprises was promising to release this new artefact on video before the end of the summer. We'd spent all those years waiting for something new – and when it arrived, it was something really old.

Comparing the reality of *Tomb* to the fan legend was even stranger. Older fans who'd seen it first time round discovered they'd remembered it wrongly; those who'd read Gerry Davis' Target novelisation realised that the printed word can never recapture the magic of seeing it for real in glorious monochrome. Even though it was old, it was new to so many of us – something we could all feel we were watching for the first time.

Seven years down the line, *Doctor Who* is still out of production, with only one TV movie and a charity sketch to show for a decade of waiting. But infrequent discoveries such as this, the Australian censors' cuts reel and *The Lion* have helped an impatient fandom remain hopeful that one day we won't have to rely on the past to deliver something new.

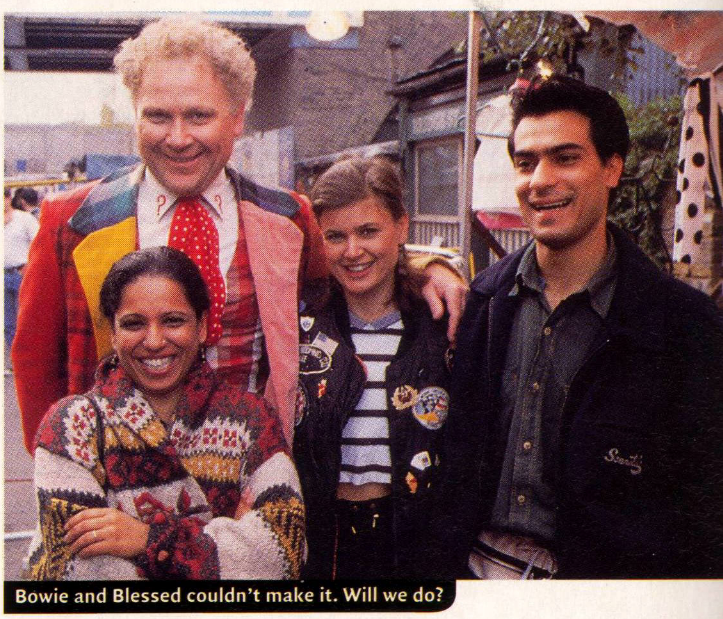
The most pleasant surprise in years was followed swiftly by the biggest let-down of the decade. *Doctor Who*'s 30th anniversary inspired a vast amount of activity, both on- and off-screen – but was necessarily overshadowed by the knowledge that the one thing we'd all wanted – a real, new adventure – had been snatched away from us at the eleventh hour. **David Darlington** still dreams of *The Dark Dimension* . . .



Fans – whatever they might be fans of – exist in a state of perpetual disappointment, with occasional ecstasies providing momentary diversion. Football fans, for instance, have it easy compared to us. All they have to worry about is whether their team is unexpectedly going to start playing any better than last season. It's rare for the fan to have to worry about their team's actual existence, which is the problem *Doctor Who* fans have had for several years, on and off. We're not fretting about whether the show is any good, we're concerned about whether we'll ever see it again – and if we do, then whether or not it'll be any good.

By the summer of 1993, after three years bereft of *Doctor Who*, I had come to rest in default mode: defeated acceptance. On a night out for a few drinks in Glasgow, the future of *Doctor Who* was very far from my mind.

Until, ensconced in a Hillhead bar for the evening, one of those present picked up someone's discarded newspaper, only to chance across the announcement by the BBC – yes, it was official and everything – that *Doctor Who* was coming back. And thus the evening was dominated by the search for different newspapers, in case just one of them happened to tell the story in words not lifted directly from the press release.


Bowie and Blessed couldn't make it. Will we do?

So three seasons had been lost – but, with five surviving Doctors in tow, *The Dark Dimension* might prove to be a triumphant return to form in time for the 30th anniversary. Okay, it was a one-off and not a series – winning the cup, not the league – but it could still provide a moment of glory, and be a launching pad for something more.

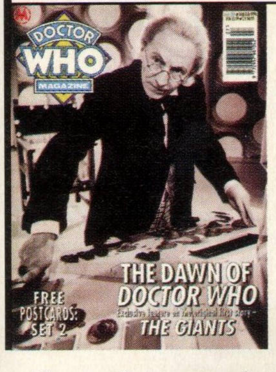
On that evening, though, there was only hope – and even that dispersed just a few weeks later. An actor friend, Alastair, one of those present on that original evening, travelled to London for an audition and, by chance, met Jon Pertwee at Euston station. As they parted company after an amiable few moments' chat about their profession, the fanboy in Alastair surfaced long enough to holler "How's the anniversary special coming along?" down the concourse.

"It's been cancelled!" were the words Mr Pertwee threw back over his shoulder.

Thus it was that I was one of the first people in the country to be exposed to the injury-time equaliser of that announcement. *Dimensions in Time* was no more than a sop – winning the third place play-off only to realise that no-one cares anyway. Even in the aftermath of *Dimensions in Time* and *30 Years in the TARDIS* – a combination forming the BBC's most honest acknowledgement of *Doctor Who* as an important drama series – it was evident that a chance had been squandered. BBC Worldwide had missed an open goal, and having got so close, who knew how long we would have to wait for another opportunity?

We were all thinking it: if it didn't happen now, at the perfect moment for a relaunch – would it *ever*?

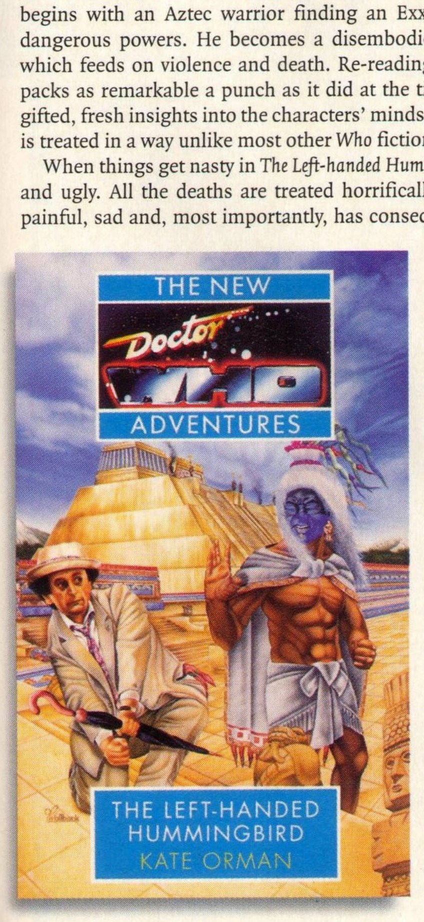
Of course, those willing to switch off their television sets and go and read a book instead had new *Doctor Who* by the truckload – and fresh, innovative and daring *Doctor Who* at that. Virgin Books had launched the *New Adventures* to a distinctly mixed reception in the early summer of 1991 – but, by the Christmas of 1993, they'd garnered a following despite rather than because of, the logo on their jackets. **Alex Goldfinch** was about to be converted . . .



Newcastle-upon-Tyne in the bleak midwinter of 1993 was the place not to be – especially not in my sparsely-furnished Jesmond flat, or at the nearby burger joint where my University holiday job was frying base cuisine for tipsy Geordies. A death in the family, the absence of friends and the freezing cold enhanced the festive mood. No English don would have approved of the novel I purchased to lighten it – but into my lonely, greasy world, Kate Orman's debut *Doctor Who* novel *The Left-handed Hummingbird* exploded like a booby-trap planted by the Master.

The novel's opening describes the moments leading up to Mark Chapman's murder of John Lennon. A malign influence is manipulating events (we're talking *Doctor Who* here, after all), not in bog-standard style, with a gurgling voice in the killer's mind, but with something subtler. This was more than pulp nonsense – it had poetry, ambiguity, attention to detail; it was new and inventive.

The book is a time-travelling extravaganza set in five different locations in Earth's history. The Doctor, Benny and Ace are caught in a web of events that begins with an Aztec warrior finding an Exxilon weapon and acquiring dangerous powers. He becomes a disembodied consciousness, the Blue, which feeds on violence and death. Re-reading it six years later, the novel packs as remarkable a punch as it did at the time – partly due to Orman's gifted, fresh insights into the characters' minds, but largely because violence is treated in a way unlike most other *Who* fiction: it's real.



When things get nasty in *The Left-handed Hummingbird*, it's short, shocking and ugly. All the deaths are treated horrifically, not skated over. Death is painful, sad and, most importantly, has consequences and implications for the living. Is there a more powerful moment in all the Virgin novels than the end of Chapter Six, where the Doctor, high on a potent variety of magic mushroom, witnesses the manifestation of Huitzilin sucking up the deaths of hundreds of Aztec sacrificial victims?

The sensuousness of Orman's style is apparent from even the shortest extract. Her backgrounds are well-researched. She never shows off, but uses her material to transport the reader. Concrete physical details of touch, taste and smell all convince us that that 15th century Tenochtitlan is not some hokum Aztec city, but a real place.

Halfway through that first reading, freezing Newcastle had vanished. DWM

A day in the life

The time November 1993
The place London
The occasion *Doctor Who*'s 30th anniversary celebrations
Eyewitness Gary Russell

Way back in the mists of time, when the average *Doctor Who* magazine was an A5 photocopied rag with dark pictures, naff artwork and, if you were lucky, a rusty staple holding it together, an arrogant young man editorialised that the worst thing that could ever happen to *Doctor Who* was letting the fans run the show. This was at a time when the same fans had just dubbed incoming producer John Nathan-Turner "the fans' producer" – an epithet I'm sure he has regretted many times since. Similarly, Philip Segal's take on the show in 1996 fell victim to the same cries – it would seem that fans simply aren't the right people to take a guiding hand in the show, to go by popular opinion.

Which is a bit of a shame, frankly, seeing as without them – without *us* – *Doctor Who* would have died, *really* died, a long time ago. There would be no conventions to keep us and the actors happy, no regular contact with the press to keep it there, no supply of books, videos and assorted paraphernalia to keep the diet steady.

So I find myself casting my mind back to 1993 – the show's 30th anniversary. *Doctor Who* had been 'dead' for four years now – the Paul McGann movie was still a few lines on a memo somewhere in an office in Los Angeles – and yet the BBC, particularly BBC Worldwide, understood that the show had a legion of die-hard fans who wanted to remember it. And, for a commercial organisation such as themselves, that was a godsend. But what to do? How best to give people what they wanted?

Oh, the irony. That self-same arrogant pup of a fan who had once bemoaned the folly of letting fans run the show was now the editor of **Doctor Who Magazine**, and BBC Video were calling him up to say, "Hey, what do *you* think we should release next?"

During most of 1993 I worked closely with BBC Video – giving them a running order of titles, pointing out ways they could make things different (I hesitate to say 'better'), creating giveaway trading cards, writing sleeve interiors with notes on each particular story. And even penning the back cover blurbs, to avoid earlier monstrosities such as "Thraals" [pictured] (I still managed to get "Prince Strella" in there eventually, nevertheless). The *Trial* and Dalek tins, among others, all originated with yours truly, and they remain two of the range's best-selling titles – indeed, two of the best-selling boxed sets in BBC Video's entire catalogue. We even won an industry award for the whole anniversary year marketing scheme.

Without fans, without *us*, Doctor Who would have died, *really* died, a long time ago

Looking back, 1993 marked the start of fans running the show. Six years on, the fans are even stronger. Two fans edit this magazine, a group of fans act as consultants to BBC Video over the restoration of old stories, three fans (Steve Cole, Jac Rayner and now Justin Richards) oversee the BBC Books output – all written by fans. And there is even some jaded old fan overseeing production of brand new *Doctor Who* on audio CD, featuring the stars from the TV show.

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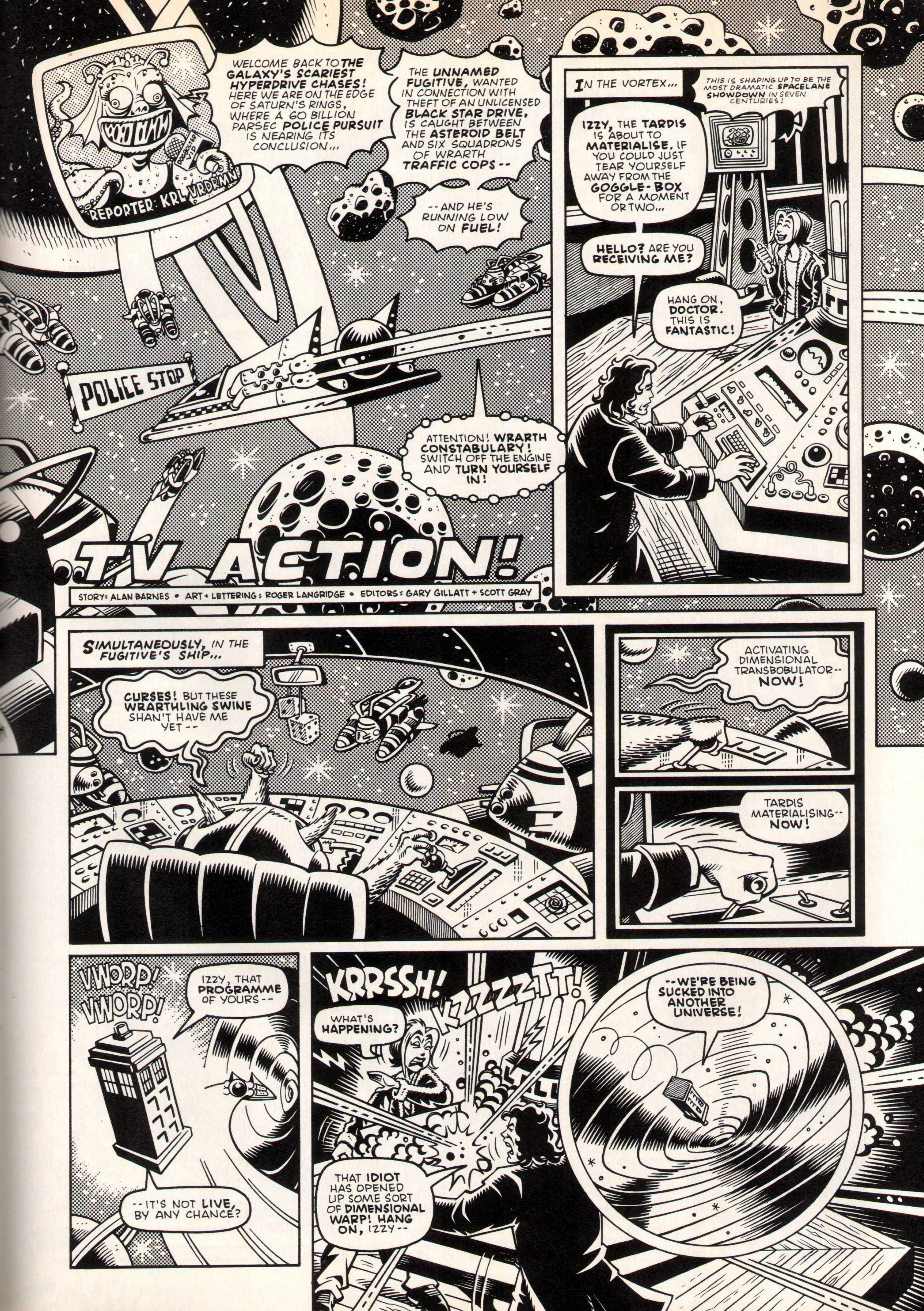
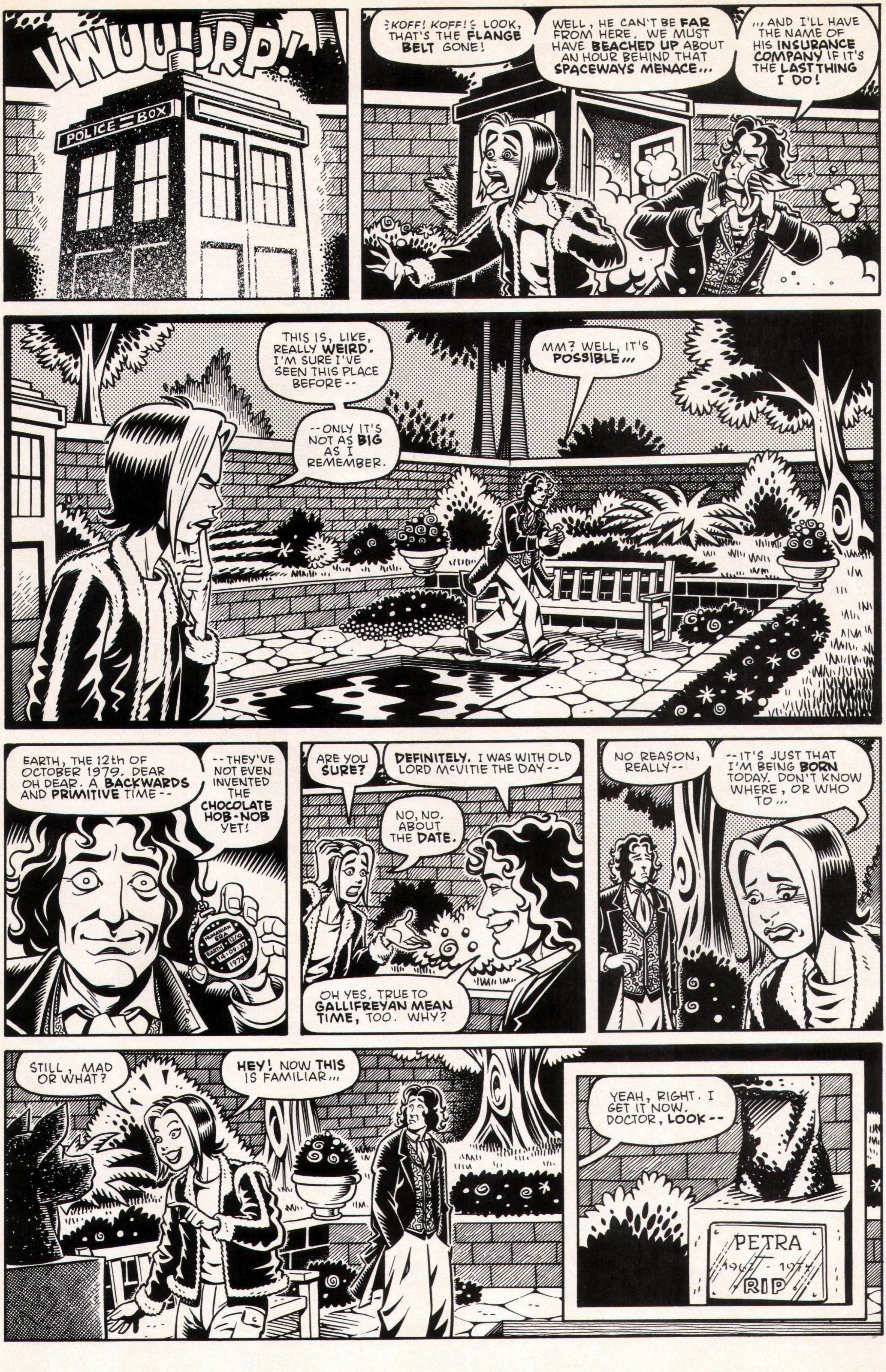
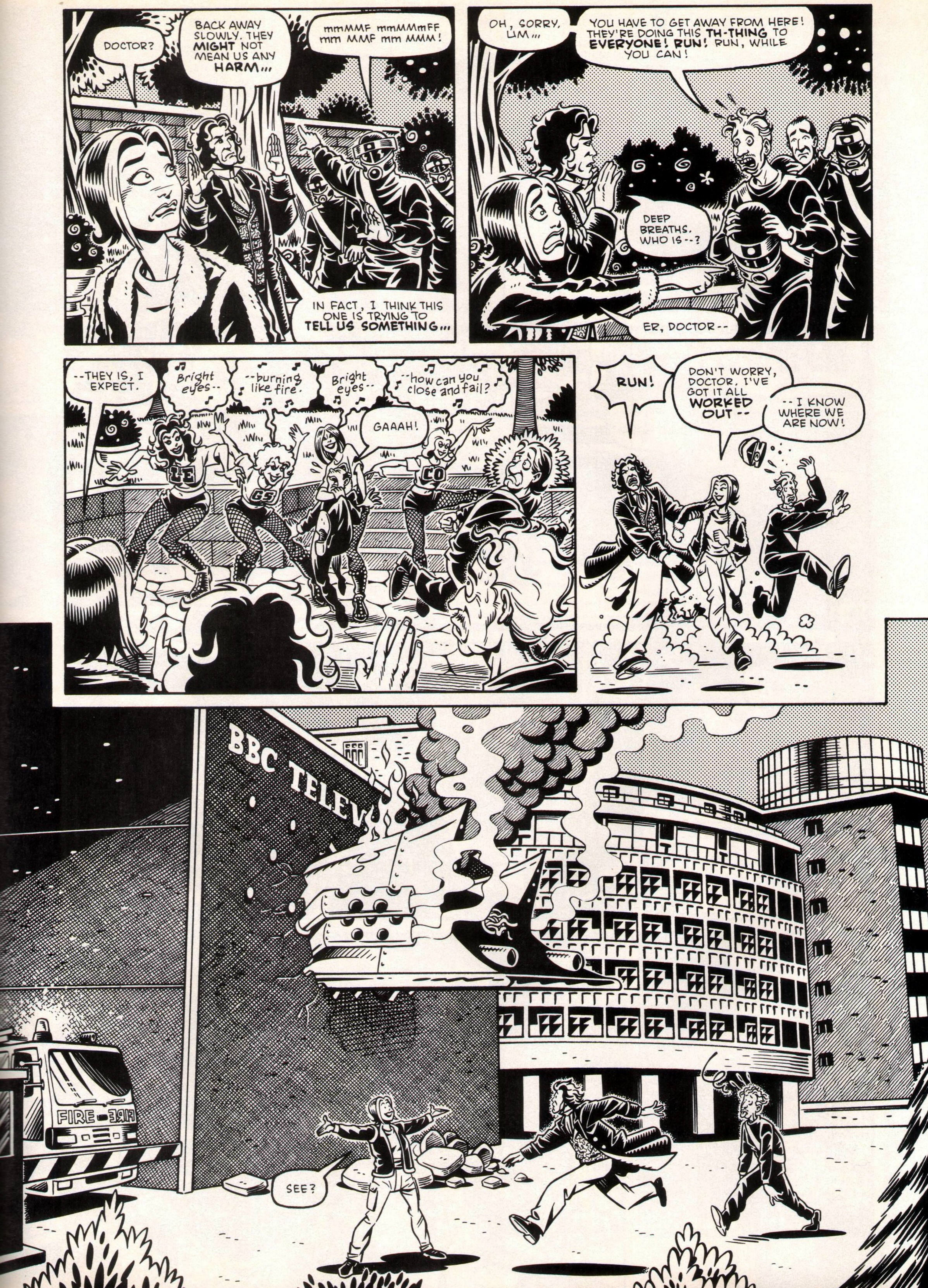


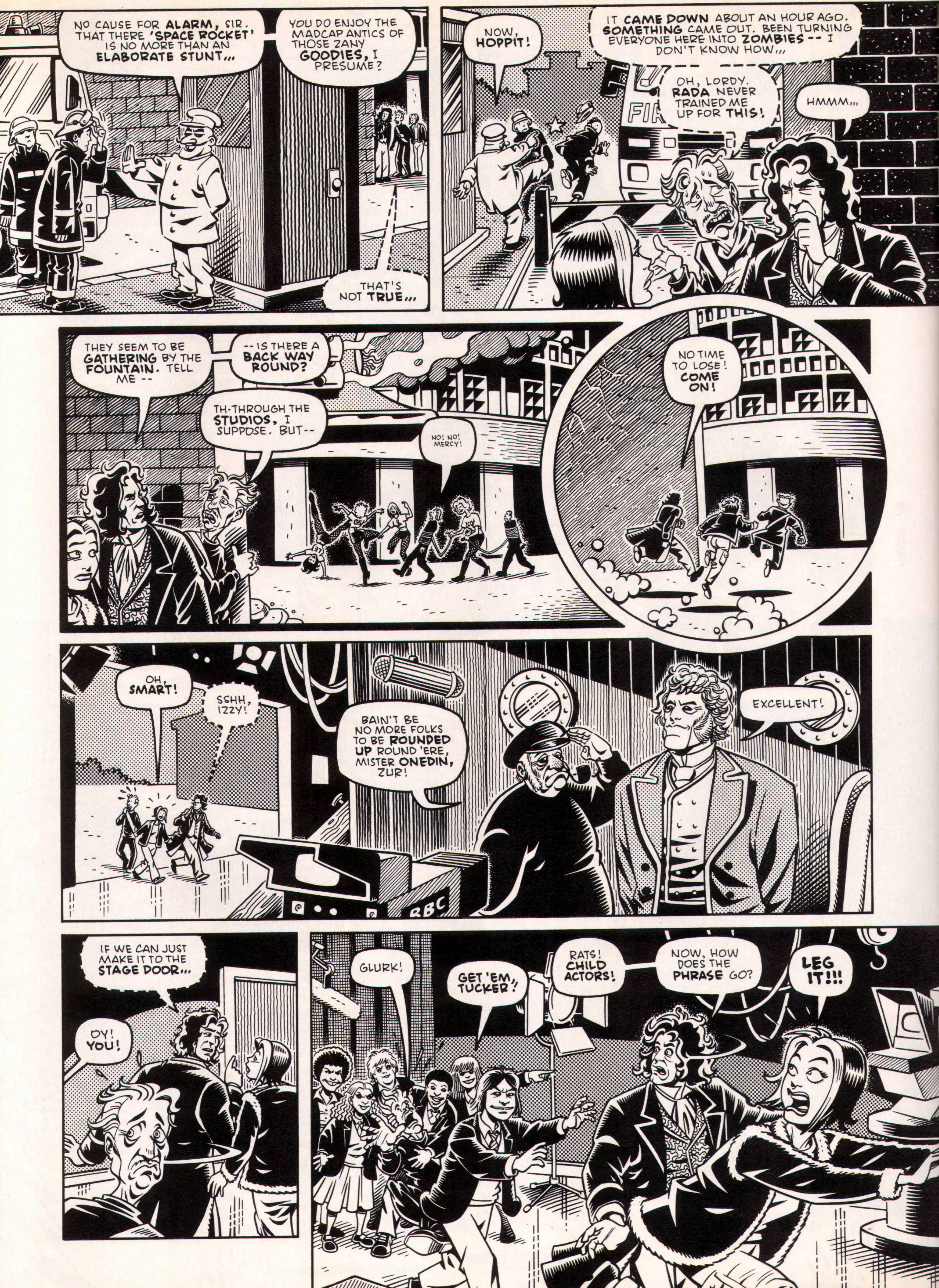
T.V. ACTION!

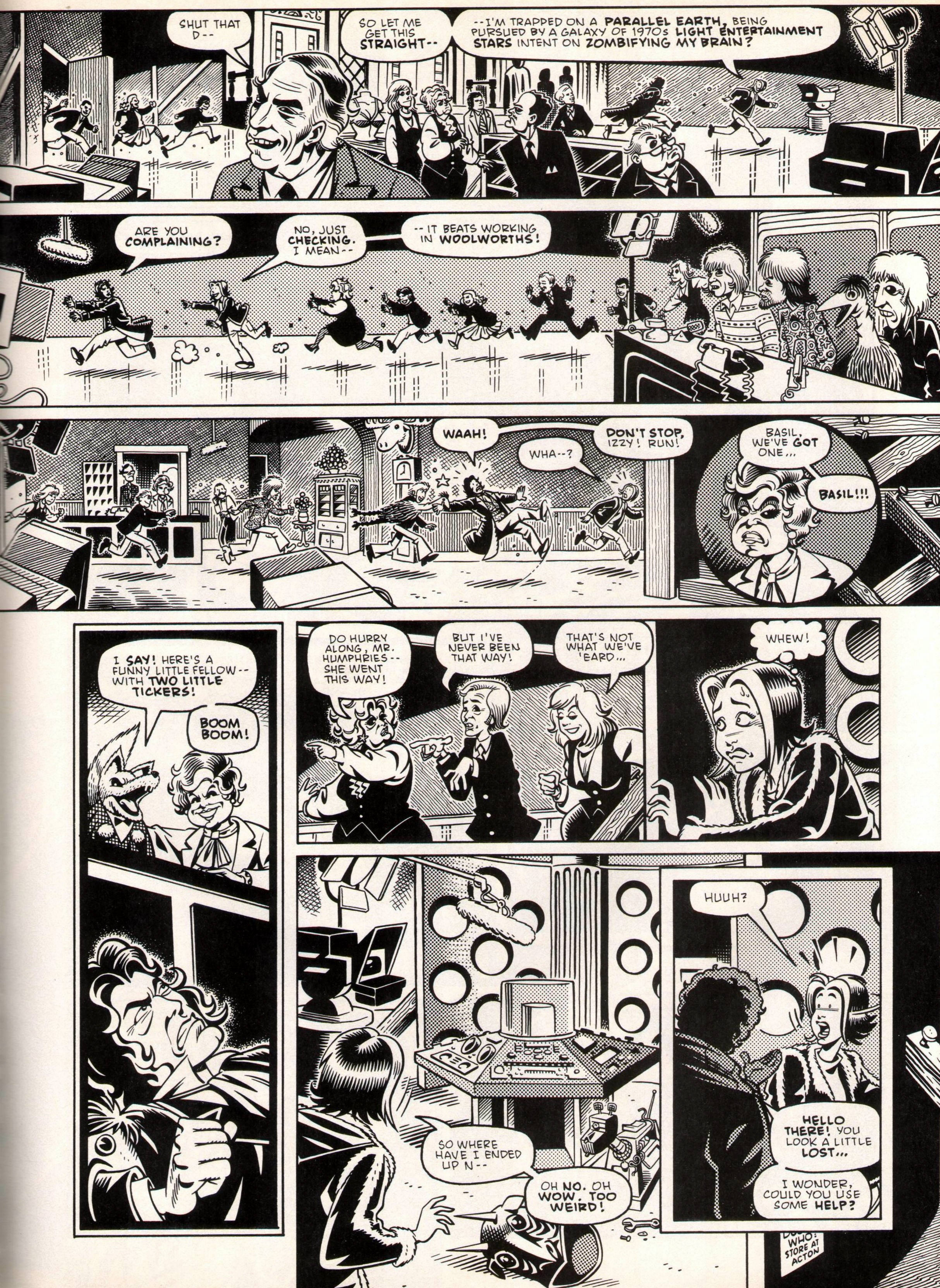
STORY: ALAN BARNES • ART + LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE • EDITORS: GARY GILLATT + SCOTT GRAY

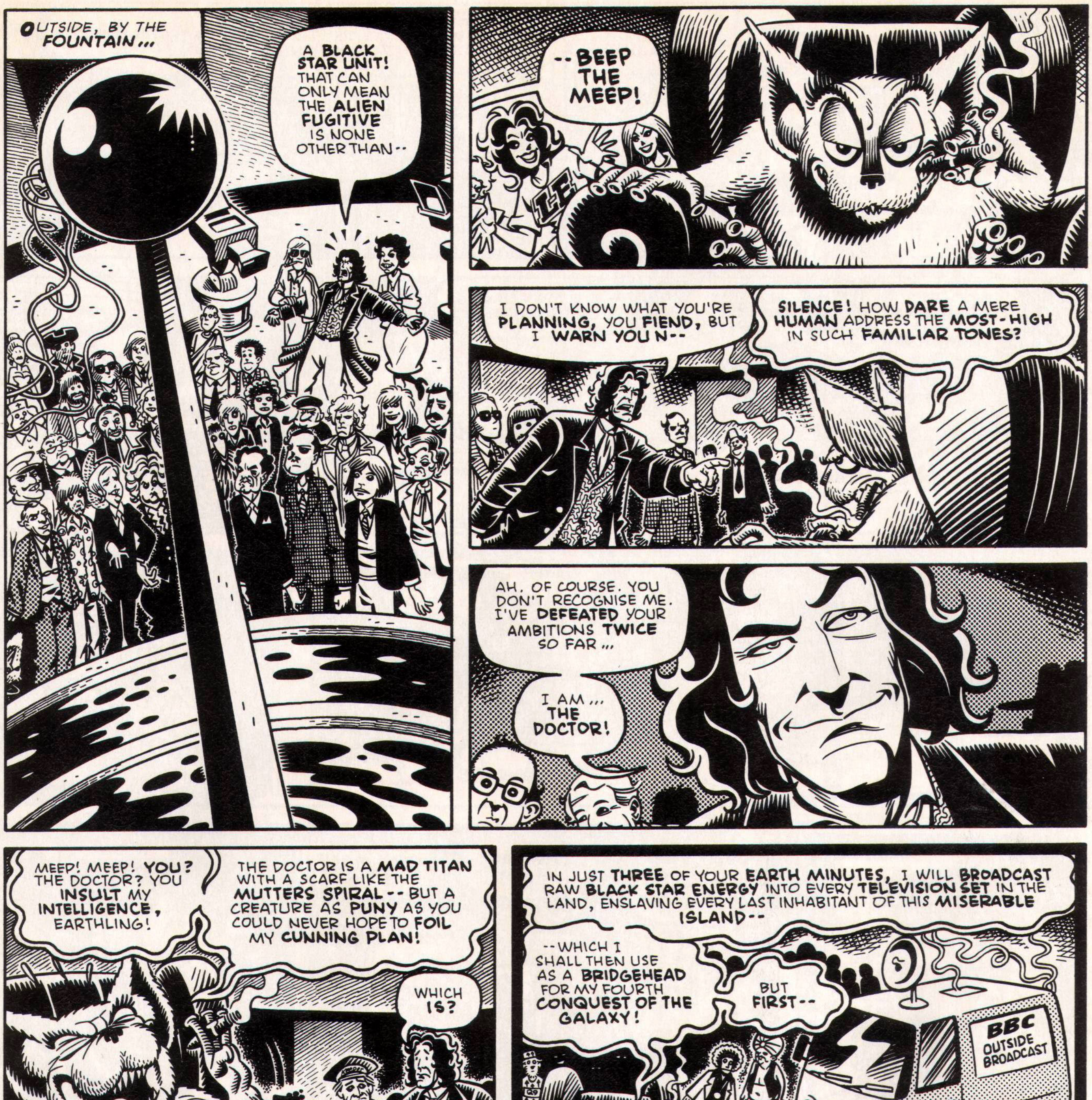
REPORTER: KRL VRDRMN
WELCOME BACK TO THE GALAXY'S SCARIEST HYPERDRIVE CHASES! HERE WE ARE ON THE EDGE OF SATURN'S RINGS, WHERE A 60 BILLION PARSEC POLICE PURSUIT IS NEARING ITS CONCLUSION...
THE UNNAMED FUGITIVE, WANTED IN CONNECTION WITH THEFT OF AN UNLICENSED BLACK STAR DRIVE, IS CAUGHT BETWEEN THE ASTEROID BELT AND SIX SQUADRONS OF WRARTH TRAFFIC COPS --
-- AND HE'S RUNNING LOW ON FUEL!
POLICE STOP
ATTENTION! WRARTH CONSTABULARY! SWITCH OFF THE ENGINE AND TURN YOURSELF IN!
IN THE VORTEX...
THIS IS SHAPING UP TO BE THE MOST DRAMATIC SPACELANE SHOWDOWN IN SEVEN CENTURIES!
IZZY, THE TARDIS IS ABOUT TO MATERIALISE. IF YOU COULD JUST TEAR YOURSELF AWAY FROM THE GOGGLE-BOX FOR A MOMENT OR TWO...
HELLO? ARE YOU RECEIVING ME?
HANG ON, DOCTOR. THIS IS FANTASTIC!
SIMULTANEOUSLY, IN THE FUGITIVE'S SHIP...
CURSES! BUT THESE WRARTHLING SWINE SHAN'T HAVE ME YET --
ACTIVATING DIMENSIONAL TRANSBOBULATOR -- NOW!
TARDIS MATERIALISING -- NOW!
VWORP! VWORP!
IZZY, THAT PROGRAMME OF YOURS --
-- IT'S NOT LIVE, BY ANY CHANCE?
KRRSSH!
KZZZZZTT!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
-- WE'RE BEING SUCKED INTO ANOTHER UNIVERSE!
THAT IDIOT HAS OPENED UP SOME SORT OF DIMENSIONAL WARP! HANG ON, IZZY --

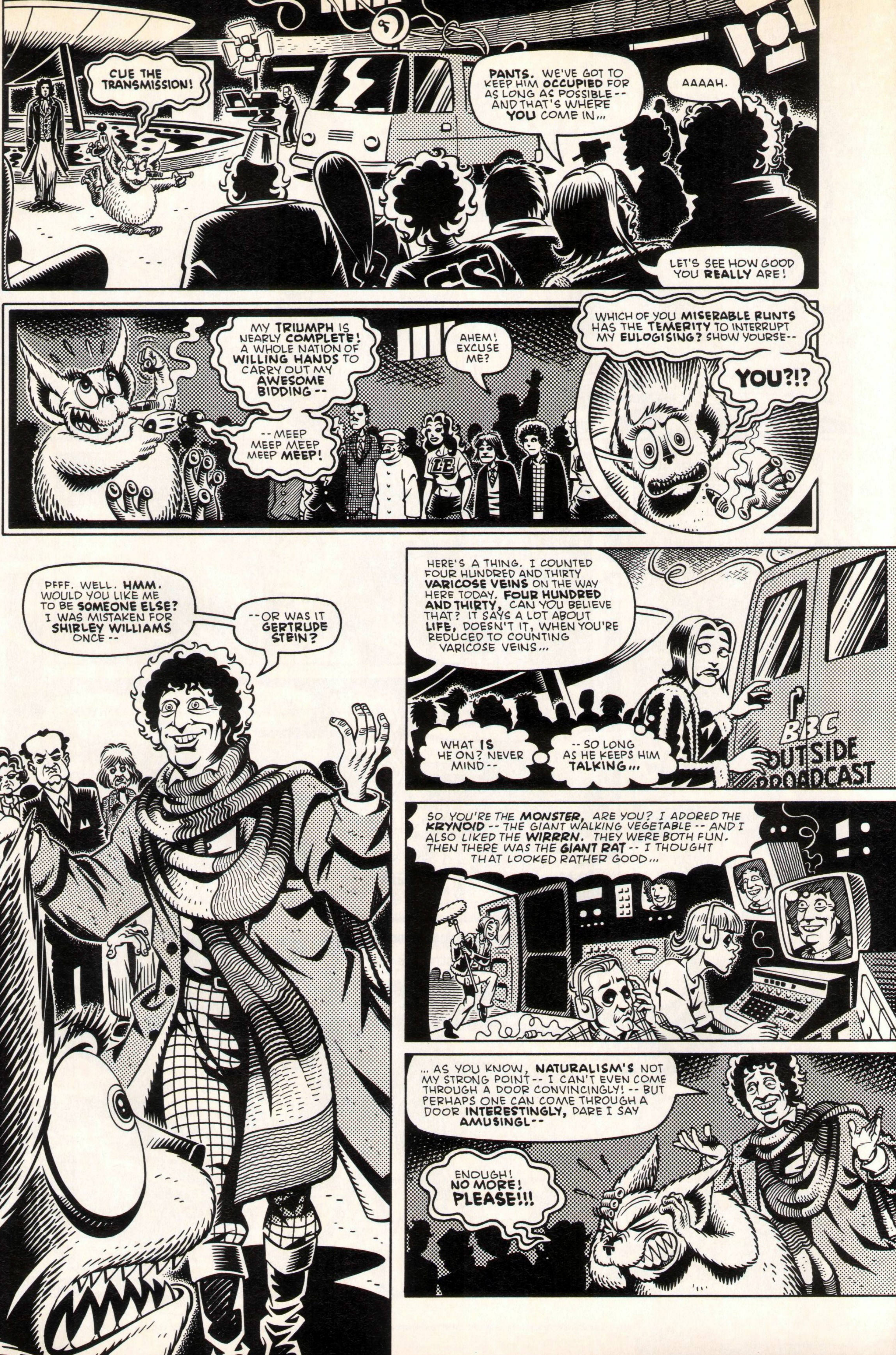

VWUUURP!
POLICE BOX
KOFF! KOFF! LOOK, THAT'S THE FLANGE BELT GONE!
WELL, HE CAN'T BE FAR FROM HERE. WE MUST HAVE BEACHED UP ABOUT AN HOUR BEHIND THAT SPACEWAYS MENACE...
...AND I'LL HAVE THE NAME OF HIS INSURANCE COMPANY IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
THIS IS, LIKE, REALLY WEIRD. I'M SURE I'VE SEEN THIS PLACE BEFORE--
--ONLY IT'S NOT AS BIG AS I REMEMBER.
MM? WELL, IT'S POSSIBLE...
EARTH, THE 12th OF OCTOBER 1979. DEAR OH DEAR. A BACKWARDS AND PRIMITIVE TIME--
--THEY'VE NOT EVEN INVENTED THE CHOCOLATE HOB-NOB YET!
HUMANIAN ERA
EARTH
12/10
14:09:37
1979
ARE YOU SURE?
DEFINITELY. I WAS WITH OLD LORD McVITIE THE DAY--
NO, NO, ABOUT THE DATE.
OH YES, TRUE TO GALLIFREYAN MEAN TIME, TOO. WHY?
NO REASON, REALLY--
--IT'S JUST THAT I'M BEING BORN TODAY. DON'T KNOW WHERE, OR WHO TO...
STILL, MAD OR WHAT?
HEY! NOW THIS IS FAMILIAR...
YEAH, RIGHT. I GET IT NOW. DOCTOR, LOOK--
PETRA
RIP

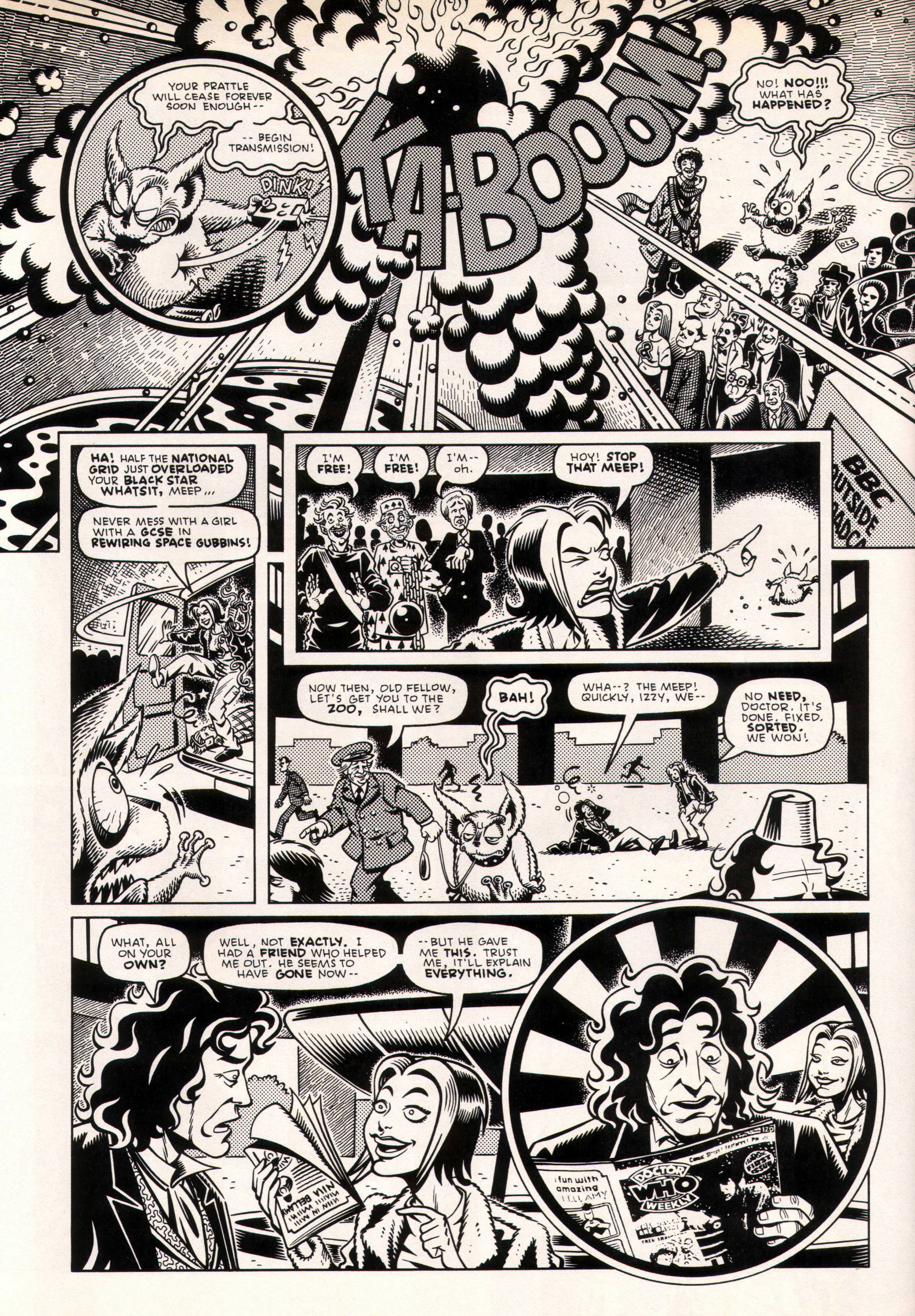

DOCTOR?
BACK AWAY SLOWLY. THEY MIGHT NOT MEAN US ANY HARM...
mmMMF mmMMmFF mm MMF mm MMM!
IN FACT, I THINK THIS ONE IS TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING...
OH, SORRY. UM...
YOU HAVE TO GET AWAY FROM HERE! THEY'RE DOING THIS TH-THING TO EVERYONE! RUN! RUN, WHILE YOU CAN!
DEEP BREATHS. WHO IS --?
ER, DOCTOR --
-- THEY IS, I EXPECT.
♪ Bright eyes --
♪ -- burning like fire. ♪
♪ Bright eyes -- ♪
♪ -- how can you close and fail? ♪
GAAAH!
LE
GS
CO
RUN!
DON'T WORRY, DOCTOR. I'VE GOT IT ALL WORKED OUT --
-- I KNOW WHERE WE ARE NOW!
BBC TELEV
FIRE
FIRE
SEE?


NO CAUSE FOR ALARM, SIR. THAT THERE 'SPACE ROCKET' IS NO MORE THAN AN ELABORATE STUNT...
YOU DO ENJOY THE MADCAP ANTICS OF THOSE ZANY GOODIES, I PRESUME?
THAT'S NOT TRUE...
NOW, HOPPIT!
IT CAME DOWN ABOUT AN HOUR AGO. SOMETHING CAME OUT. BEEN TURNING EVERYONE HERE INTO ZOMBIES -- I DON'T KNOW HOW...
OH, LORDY. RADA NEVER TRAINED ME UP FOR THIS!
HMMM...
THEY SEEM TO BE GATHERING BY THE FOUNTAIN. TELL ME --
-- IS THERE A BACK WAY ROUND?
TH-THROUGH THE STUDIOS, I SUPPOSE. BUT--
NO! NO! MERCY!
NO TIME TO LOSE! COME ON!
OH, SMART!
SSHH, IZZY!
BAIN'T BE NO MORE FOLKS TO BE ROUNDED UP ROUND 'ERE, MISTER ONEDIN, ZUR!
EXCELLENT!
BBC
IF WE CAN JUST MAKE IT TO THE STAGE DOOR...
OY! YOU!
GLURK!
GET 'EM, TUCKER!
RATS! CHILD ACTORS!
NOW, HOW DOES THE PHRASE GO?
LEG IT!!!


SHUT THAT D--
SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT--
--I'M TRAPPED ON A PARALLEL EARTH, BEING PURSUED BY A GALAXY OF 1970s LIGHT ENTERTAINMENT STARS INTENT ON ZOMBIFYING MY BRAIN?
ARE YOU COMPLAINING?
NO, JUST CHECKING. I MEAN--
--IT BEATS WORKING IN WOOLWORTHS!
WAAH!
WHA--?
DON'T STOP, IZZY! RUN!
BASIL, WE'VE GOT ONE...
BASIL!!!
I SAY! HERE'S A FUNNY LITTLE FELLOW--WITH TWO LITTLE TICKERS!
BOOM BOOM!
DO HURRY ALONG, MR. HUMPHRIES--SHE WENT THIS WAY!
BUT I'VE NEVER BEEN THAT WAY!
THAT'S NOT WHAT WE'VE 'EARD...
WHEW!
SO WHERE HAVE I ENDED UP N--
OH NO. OH WOW. TOO WEIRD!
HUUH?
HELLO THERE! YOU LOOK A LITTLE LOST...
I WONDER, COULD YOU USE SOME HELP?
WHO! STORE AT ACTON


OUTSIDE, BY THE FOUNTAIN...
A BLACK STAR UNIT! THAT CAN ONLY MEAN THE ALIEN FUGITIVE IS NONE OTHER THAN--
--BEEP THE MEEP!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING, YOU FIEND, BUT I WARN YOU N--
SILENCE! HOW DARE A MERE HUMAN ADDRESS THE MOST-HIGH IN SUCH FAMILIAR TONES?
AH. OF COURSE. YOU DON'T RECOGNISE ME. I'VE DEFEATED YOUR AMBITIONS TWICE SO FAR...
I AM... THE DOCTOR!
MEEP! MEEP! YOU? THE DOCTOR? YOU INSULT MY INTELLIGENCE, EARTHLING!
THE DOCTOR IS A MAD TITAN WITH A SCARF LIKE THE MUTTERS SPIRAL -- BUT A CREATURE AS PUNY AS YOU COULD NEVER HOPE TO FOIL MY CUNNING PLAN!
WHICH IS?
IN JUST THREE OF YOUR EARTH MINUTES, I WILL BROADCAST RAW BLACK STAR ENERGY INTO EVERY TELEVISION SET IN THE LAND, ENSLAVING EVERY LAST INHABITANT OF THIS MISERABLE ISLAND--
--WHICH I SHALL THEN USE AS A BRIDGEHEAD FOR MY FOURTH CONQUEST OF THE GALAXY!
BUT FIRST--
BBC OUTSIDE BROADCAST
MEEP! MEEP!
SSSZZZKOWWW
GAAH!
HA! SUCH IS THE FATE OF ALL WHO PRESUME TO CHALLENGE THE MOST-HIGH!


CUE THE TRANSMISSION!
PANTS. WE'VE GOT TO KEEP HIM OCCUPIED FOR AS LONG AS POSSIBLE -- AND THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN...
AAAAH.
LET'S SEE HOW GOOD YOU REALLY ARE!
MY TRIUMPH IS NEARLY COMPLETE! A WHOLE NATION OF WILLING HANDS TO CARRY OUT MY AWESOME BIDDING --
-- MEEP MEEP MEEP MEEP MEEP!
AHEM! EXCUSE ME?
LE
WHICH OF YOU MISERABLE RUNTS HAS THE TEMERITY TO INTERRUPT MY EULOGISING? SHOW YOURSE--
YOU?!?
PFFF. WELL. HMM. WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO BE SOMEONE ELSE? I WAS MISTAKEN FOR SHIRLEY WILLIAMS ONCE --
-- OR WAS IT GERTRUDE STEIN?
HERE'S A THING. I COUNTED FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY VARICOSE VEINS ON THE WAY HERE TODAY. FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY, CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? IT SAYS A LOT ABOUT LIFE, DOESN'T IT, WHEN YOU'RE REDUCED TO COUNTING VARICOSE VEINS...
WHAT IS HE ON? NEVER MIND --
-- SO LONG AS HE KEEPS HIM TALKING...
BBC OUTSIDE BROADCAST
SO YOU'RE THE MONSTER, ARE YOU? I ADORED THE KRYNOID -- THE GIANT WALKING VEGETABLE -- AND I ALSO LIKED THE WIRRRN. THEY WERE BOTH FUN. THEN THERE WAS THE GIANT RAT -- I THOUGHT THAT LOOKED RATHER GOOD...
... AS YOU KNOW, NATURALISM'S NOT MY STRONG POINT -- I CAN'T EVEN COME THROUGH A DOOR CONVINCINGLY! -- BUT PERHAPS ONE CAN COME THROUGH A DOOR INTERESTINGLY, DARE I SAY AMUSINGL--
ENOUGH! NO MORE! PLEASE!!!


YOUR PRATTLE WILL CEASE FOREVER SOON ENOUGH --
-- BEGIN TRANSMISSION!
DINK!
KA-BOOOOM!!
NO! NOO!!! WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
HA! HALF THE NATIONAL GRID JUST OVERLOADED YOUR BLACK STAR WHATSIT, MEEP...
NEVER MESS WITH A GIRL WITH A GCSE IN REWIRING SPACE GUBBINS!
I'M FREE!
I'M FREE!
I'M -- oh.
HOY! STOP THAT MEEP!
BBC
OUTSIDE
ROADCA
NOW THEN, OLD FELLOW, LET'S GET YOU TO THE ZOO, SHALL WE?
BAH!
WHA--? THE MEEP! QUICKLY, IZZY, WE--
NO NEED, DOCTOR. IT'S DONE, FIXED, SORTED. WE WON!
WHAT, ALL ON YOUR OWN?
WELL, NOT EXACTLY. I HAD A FRIEND WHO HELPED ME OUT. HE SEEMS TO HAVE GONE NOW --
-- BUT HE GAVE ME THIS. TRUST ME, IT'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.
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DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
BONNIE LANGFORD
on Colin, Sylvester and her lonely life as Melanie

DWM 210 Free postcards **It** Philip Hinchcliffe; Angus Lennie; Glen McCoy **Ar** Terror of the Zygons **Ts** Fury From the Deep 6 **Ft** What the Papers Said; Missing Stories, The Rosemariners; New Adventures **St** Cuckoo 3 **Tx** Tragedy Day (Gareth Roberts)

DWM 211 Free postcards **It** Roberta Tovey **Ar** The Greatest Show in the Galaxy **Ts** The Web of Fear 2 **Ft** What the Papers Said; Missing Stories, The Rosemariners; The Greatest Show in the Galaxy special effects **St** Uninvited Guest (Warwick Gray/John Ridgway) **Tx** Legacy (Gary Russell)

DWM 216 **It** Sylvester McCoy; Keff McCulloch; John Challis; Kenneth Gilbert **Ar** The Monster of Peladon **Ts** The Wheel in Space 6 **Ft** Editing The Seeds of Doom; Readers' Survey; BBV **St** The Lunar Strangers 2 **Tx** First Frontier (David McIntee)

Fight for your rites
"I always thought there should be more women in the series, particularly as villains"

DWM 223 **It** Michael Hayes; David Driver **Ar** The Armageddon Factor **Ts** The Underwater Menace 4 **Ft** The future in Doctor Who; New Adventures authors **St** Change of Mind 3 **Tx** Infinite Requiem (Daniel Blythe)

DWM 224 Free collectors' cards **It** Andrew Cartmel; Michael Hayes **Ar** The Abominable Snowmen **Ts** The Abominable Snowmen 1 **Ft** The Second Doctor; Who on the Internet **St** Land of the Blind 1 (Gray/Lee Sullivan)

DWM 225 **It** Michael Craze; Sylvia James; Nicholas Parsons; Andrew Cartmel **Ar** The Curse of Fenric **Ts** The Abominable Snowmen 2 **Ft** Eye of the Beholder **St** Land of the Blind 2 **Tx** Sanctuary (David McIntee)

DWM 227 **It** Mark Strickson; Nicholas Courtney; Sophie Aldred (Out/TARDIS) **Ar** Snakedance **Ts** The Abominable Snowmen 4 **Ft** Alien worlds; audio books **St** Up Above the Gods (Starkings/Sullivan) **Tx** Meridians 1 (Andrew Cartmel)

DWM 228 **It** John Leeson; Nicholas Courtney; Gary Cady; Matthew Waterhouse (Out/TARDIS) **Ar** The Ark **Ts** The Abominable Snowmen 5 **Ft** Missing Stories, The Song of the Space Whale **St** The Curse of the Scarab 1 (Alan Barnes/Geraghty) **Tx** Meridians 2 (Andrew Cartmel)

DWM 229 **It** John Bloomfield; Nicholas Courtney **Ar** The Face of Evil **Ts** The Abominable Snowmen 5 **Ft** Downtime; Vox pops; Missing Stories, The Song of the Space Whale **St** The Curse of the Scarab 2 **Tx** Meridians 3

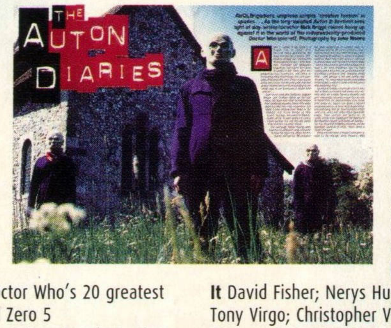
DWM 230 **It** Nicholas Mallett; Judy Cornwell; Richard Briers; Howard Cooke; John Levene; Caroline John (Out/TARDIS) **Ar** The Mutants **Ts** The Abominable Snowmen 5 **St** The Curse of the Scarab 3 **Tx** The Final Analysis 1 (Roberts)

DWM 231 **It** William Russell; David Brierley; Will Barton; Julian Holloway; Chris Clough; Louise Jameson (Out/TARDIS) **Ar** Timelash **Ts** The Abominable Snowmen 5 **Ft** The Five Doctors Special Edition; Michael Wisher tribute **St** Operation Proteus 1 (Roberts/Geraghty)

DWM 232 **It** Matthew Robinson; Richard Martin; Roger Cheveley **Ar** The War Games **Ft** Panopticon 95 **St** Operation Proteus 2 **Tx** The Final Analysis 2

DWM 236 **It** Nicola Bryant; Sheila Ruskin; Bob Baker/Dave Martin **Ar** The Keeper of Traken **Ts** The Highlanders 4 **Ft** The JN-T Memoirs 4; the new Doctor **St** Black Destiny 2 **Tx** The Dragon of Hyacinth Lodge 1 (Barnes)

DWM 240 **It** Philip Segal; Mark Eden **Ar** Marco Polo **Ts** The Evil of the Daleks 4 **Ft** TV Movie review; survey results; the JN-T Memoirs 8 **St** Ground Zero 3



DWM 242 **It** Nicholas Courtney (Out/TARDIS); Chris D'Oyly John **Ar** The Space Pirates **Ts** The Evil of the Daleks 6 **Ft** Class 4G on TV Movie; Doctor Who's 20 greatest moments **St** Ground Zero 5

DWM 243 **It** Frazer Hines; Derek Martinus; Philip Segal (Out/TARDIS) **Ar** Underworld **Ts** The Evil of the Daleks 7 **Ft** Time travel; local groups **St** Doctor Who and the Fangs of Time (Sean Longcroft)

DWM 244 Cybermen special **It** Kevin Clarke; David Banks **Ar** Silver Nemesis **Ft** J'adore/j'accuse the Cybermen; conventions; time travel 2 **St** Endgame 1 (Barnes/Geraghty)

DWM 245 **It** Chris Clough **Ar** The Mind Robber **Ft** The JN-T Memoirs 9; Roots 1; Who stories with the same plot; The High Council on TV Movie **St** Endgame 2

DWM 246 **It** Pennant Roberts **Ar** The Time Warrior **Ft** The future of Doctor Who; Panopticon '96; 20 forgotten functions of the TARDIS; The JN-T Memoirs **St** Endgame 3

DWM 249 **It** Wendy Padbury (Out/TARDIS); Graham Williams **Ar** The Trial of a Time Lord (Parts Five-Eight) **Ft** Cliffhangers; The JN-T Memoirs 13 **St** The Daleks 2 (John Lawrence/Ron Turner); The Keep 2 (Barnes/Geraghty)

DWM 251 **It** Graham Williams; Elisabeth Sladen **Ar** The Romans **Ts** The Macra Terror 1 **Ft** Personality of the Doctor; Doctor Who dictionary; Roots 3 **St** The Daleks 3; Fire and Brimstone 1 (Barnes/Geraghty)

DWM 252 **Ar** The Ambassadors of Death **Ts** The Macra Terror 2 **Ft** Terry Nation tribute; overview of the New Adventures; personality of the Doctor **St** The Daleks 4; Fire and Brimstone 2

DWM 253 **It** Michael Ferguson; Mark Ayres; Peter Moffatt 1 **Ar** The Pirate Planet **Ts** The Macra Terror 3 **Ft** Rebuilding The War Machines; Roots 4; Readers' Survey results **St** The Daleks 5; Fire and Brimstone 3

DWM 254 **It** Yee Jee Tso (Out/TARDIS) Peter Moffatt 2; Tristan de Vere Cole; John Davies **Ar** The Wheel in Space **Ts** The Macra Terror 4 **Ft** The Master; Manopticon 5 **St** The Daleks 6; Fire and Brimstone 4

DWM 258 **It** Tom Baker; Christopher H Bidmead 2 **Ar** Castrovalva **Ft** Roots 6 **St** Tooth and Claw 2 (Barnes/Geraghty)

DWM 260 **It** Bonnie Langford **Ar** The Three Doctors **Ts** The Faceless Ones 1 **Ft** Sydney Newman tribute; Tom Baker vox pops **St** Tooth and Claw 4

DWM 261 **It** Chris Boucher; John Levene (Out/TARDIS); Ian Collier; Paul Jerricho **Ar** Arc of Infinity **Ts** The Faceless Ones 2 **Ft** Companions; Doctor Who CD-Rom

DWM 262 **It** Mary Tamm; Gerard Murphy/Fiona Walker **Ar** The Dominators **Ts** The Faceless Ones 3 **Ft** Doctor Who's London **St** The Final Chapter 1 (Barnes/Geraghty)

DWM 264 **It** Michael E Briant 2; Richard Franklin (Out/TARDIS) **Ar** The Claws of Axos **Ts** The Faceless Ones 5 **Ft** Doctor Who in the USA **St** The Final Chapter 3

DWM 267 **It** Barbara Clegg; Paul Cornell **Ar** Shada **Ft** Spiking the canon **St** Wormwood 2 (Gray/Geraghty)

DWM 268 **It** Mervyn Haisman; Rodney Bennett; Katy Manning (Out/TARDIS) **Ar** The Time Monster **Ft** Sexuality in Doctor Who **St** Wormwood 3

DWM 269 **It** David Fisher; Nerys Hughes/Simon Rouse; Tony Virgo; Christopher Villiers **Ar** The King's Demons **Ft** Doctor Who on Junior Points of View 1 **St** Wormwood 4

DWM 270 **It** Barry Letts; Ken Grieve **Ar** The Twin Dilemma **Ft** The making of Auton 2; Doctor Who on Junior Points of View 2 **St** Wormwood 5

DWM 271 **It** Antony Root; Pamela Salem/Karen Gledhill **Ar** The Invisible Enemy; Mission to the Unknown **Ft** The making of The Ice Warriors Collection **St** Wormwood 6

DWM 272 16 extra pages! **It** Terrance Dicks 1; Waris Hussein; Terry Molloy; Lalla Ward (Out/TARDIS) **Ar** The Daleks' Master Plan **Ft** Further adventures of the Eighth Doctor; watching Master Plan **St** Happy Deathday (Gray/Roger Langridge)

DWM 273 **It** Robert Banks Stewart; Terrance Dicks 2 **Ar** Nightmare of Eden **Ts** The Enemy of the World 1 **Ft** Developing the Third Doctor 1 **St** The Fallen 1 (Gray/Geraghty)

DWM 274 **It** William Russell & Peter Purves **Ar** The Seeds of Death **Ts** The Enemy of the World 2 **Ft** Television take-offs of Who; developing the Third Doctor 2 **St** The Fallen 2

DWM 275 **It** Angela Bruce & Marcus Gilbert; Terrance Dicks 3 **Ar** The Visitation **Ts** The Enemy of the World 3 **Ft** Home-made Who on video; Michael Craze tribute **St** The Fallen 3

DWM 276 **It** Robert Sloman; Malcolm Kohll **Ar** Inside the Spaceship **Ts** The Enemy of the World 5 **Ft** 1960s spin-off stories; Ron Turner tribute **St** The Fallen 4

DWM 277 **It** Andrew Morgan **Ar** Fury From the Deep **Ts** The Enemy of the World 6 **Ft** Watching Who; Missing Adventures novels **St** Unnatural Born Killers (Salmon)

DWM 278 **It** Anthony Read **Ar** Death to the Daleks **Ft** Comic Relief; BBC Video **St** The Road to Hell 1 (Gray/Geraghty)

DWM 279 Free CD! **It** Daphne Ashbrook (Out/TARDIS) **Ar** The Caves of Androzani **Ft** Making Who for a new generation; John Wiles tribute; Doctor Who stage plays **St** The Road to Hell 2

SEX AND THE SINGLE GALLIFREYAN
In Doctor Who, all matters even passingly sexual are considered utterly taboo

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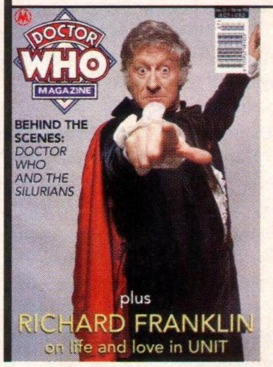
Come together

By mid-1995, after years of rumours, *Doctor Who* fans began to allow themselves to believe that there might, *just possibly* – be a new movie or TV series in the offing soon.

When it finally happened, completion followed shooting followed casting in such swift succession that most of the resultant TV film was in the can before **DWM** could even confirm that the production deal had been finalised.

While even the very 'idea' of the film was to divide established fandom through the first few months of 1996 – after rumours of "kissing and stuff" in the script began to circulate – far more tragic news would soon distract everyone from the chatter and supposition . . .

Paul Monks remembers a death in the family.



I stood on the first floor landing of the Hotel Leofric, Coventry, waiting for the doors to reopen for the 'PanoptiCon '95 Celebrity Meal' – an evening of the convention which promises to allow attendees to sit down to dinner with stars from the show. My younger brother Graham – who has only been forgiven for making me watch *The A-Team* during Season 22 since *Timelash* came out on video – was discussing the convention so far with me. This was to be our second year at the celebrity meal. Last year we sat with special effects wizards Mike Tucker and Alan 'Rocky' Marshall, this year we had the prospect of a meal with John Nathan-Turner and Gary Downie to look forward to. To tell the truth I was a little disappointed, having hoped for some celebs from in front of the camera. I'd also heard JN-T talk on several occasions – would he have anything new to say? I needn't have worried – Gary, and particularly John, turned out to be the perfect hosts: charming, intelligent and obviously passionate about their work on the show. As the courses came and went the fans on our table took their chance to grab a quick autograph and photo from other diners. I was listening intently to a point JN-T was making when I suddenly became aware of Graham staring hard over my left shoulder, his eyes wide, his mouth almost hitting the floor. I turned slowly not knowing what to expect. Someone had taken the place of the fellow fan who had, until about five minutes ago, been sat in the chair next to me.

"Did you see that awful film the other day?" Jon Pertwee asked, glancing around at the shocked assembly. "*Dr Who and the Daleks*! I've never seen anything so bad. Poor old Roy Castle, I felt so sorry for him in that!"

Over the next half-hour I sat in awe as Jon effortlessly entertained the table, cheerfully signing autographs as he talked on a variety of subjects, including his famous interview with William Shatner on *This Morning* ("Man's an arse! Not like that lovely Jimmy Doohan"). Finally, as the room divider was pulled back to allow the main event to continue, he made his way back to his room.

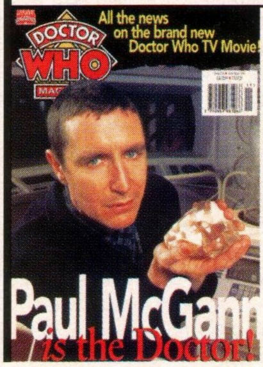
A year later Jon was dead. I never got to meet him again.

When I heard the news I, like many others, could barely believe that someone so alive could be gone forever. Now a giant picture of Jon and I at the table is permanently displayed on my bedroom wall. That experience, albeit brief, forever changed my perception of the Pertwee era and I can't help watching his stories with a smile as I remember that meal in 1995. Now, whenever I am in the company of a *Who*-fan who I feel is excessively bragging about their 'Stars I've Met' list, I always tell this story. They inevitably go green.

Jon Pertwee: "This interview is a great idea. I'll steal it"

Once broadcast, the Paul McGann film received a mixed reaction from devoted enthusiasts – ironically the very constituency the production had bent over backwards to please.

But for young **Andrew Buckley**, who just happened to be watching BBC1 on the evening of 27 May 1996, the film offered 90 minutes of excitement and wonder – and was to be the beginning of yet another new fan's adventures in space and time . . .


DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
All the news on the brand new Doctor Who TV Movie!
Paul McGann is the Doctor!

It was the TV Movie that launched me into *Doctor Who*. Prior to 1996, my knowledge of the programme stretched to 'a guy in a Police Box and bad special effects'. How wrong I was!

I sat down in front of the television on that May Bank Holiday evening, and I was captivated. I had vague memories of the *Planet of the Daleks* repeat from when I was about ten – but this was so much better.

The film was watched by many within our school, and well-received by most of my classmates, but to me, it was simply *excellent*, and easily the most gripping and exciting TV I had seen in a long time. I eagerly awaited the new series – which, typically, never came. But all was not lost. As a new fan, I had 26 years worth of 'new' adventures to see, and gradually, my video collection increased to the 40-something I possess today. And it didn't stop there. I started buying **DWM**. I began collecting the BBC Books. I started watching UK Gold. I became a fan.

Since the film, I have discovered to my delight that the programme of old was a million times better than I had ever imagined. An acquaintance from school loaned me a couple of his videos, *Day of the Daleks* and *Terror of the Zygons*. Both these stories are not exactly blessed with TV Movie effects, but it just didn't matter! The stories were exciting, appealing and, above all, well-written. The closing moments of *Day of the Daleks* will always be magical to me – the moment where Shura sacrifices himself to save the future; the bit right at the end where the Doctor hints that peace is possible – all fantastic!

I owe everything to Philip Segal and the rest of the TV Movie's cast and crew. It was an updated version of the programme, granted, and it was greatly different in pace and structure from the original series, but without it, I would never have experienced *The Caves of Androzani* or *Survival*.

So, to me at least, the TV Movie was a pivotal part of *Doctor Who* history. Since its transmission I have gained my own favourite Doctor, and it's not the Eighth! But the McGann version will always have a unique place in the mythology of the show. He is a very special one-off Doctor who deserved a much longer rein. I can only dream about what a series made by the TV Movie crew would have been like, but at

Kiss, kiss. Bang! Fan

Photos: Pritchard [1] BBC Video [3]

1995-1999

A day in the life

The time May 1996
The place The Directors' Guild Theatre, Los Angeles
The event US Premiere of the Paul McGann TV Movie
Eyewitness Shaun Lyon

For such a watershed year in the programme's history, 1996 was a tease: start the year in scepticism, ride the high of the 'event', and finish it feeling like you've reached the end of a rollercoaster – it was great while it lasted, but left you wanting to get back on again.

1996 was the year of the *Doctor Who* TV Movie. It was also, truly, the first time *Doctor Who* was produced on an international scale. Over here in America, where the production got going, we got to participate along with the British fans (and the Canadians could taunt us all, because that's where it was actually filmed). After three years of rumours, speculation and hearsay, Philip Segal came out of hiding and brought us Paul McGann, Daphne Ashbrook and Eric Roberts (yes, you can sigh) as the Master. Love it or hate it, the film was *the* rollercoaster ride of the year for fandom. And yes, it left us wanting . . . no, *demanding*, another ride.

For me, the film was more personal. I've been one of the organisers of Gallifrey, LA's *Doctor Who* convention (and now, the only remaining annual *DW* event in North America) since its inception ten years ago. It was here that executive producer Phil Segal chose to make his grand entrance at our 1995 event. Phil had actually shown up in 1994, incognito, gauging fan response (surprisingly, he continued; 1994 was the year of our earthquake, and we're surprised anyone showed up!). He brought his ideas to us, to see what we thought: the Infinity Chamber, the Spider-Dalek. In early 1996, he gave a press gathering and three fans – myself, Rhonda Krafchin and Lou Anders – a sneak peek at the concepts and the new Doctor.

DOCTOR WHO
MAY 14, 1996
THE FOX TUESDAY NIGHT MOVIE
POLICE BOX

Later at the 1996 convention, with Sylvester McCoy on hand, Phil brought props, set designs and photos, whetting our appetites. And in April, he invited me to sneak a special peek at the film to gauge my interest.

At long last, *Doctor Who* was back. Here was the proof!

But for the series to stick around, it had to be big in America. This is where the money was coming from, after all. Armed only with a name known scarcely in the US (if only as a cheesy PBS import), *Doctor Who* would have to make an impact.

Segal brought his ideas to us, to see what we thought: the Infinity Chamber, the Spider-Dalek . . .

Together, I and a handful of fans in LA, under the auspices of Gallifrey, put together a mass mailing that brought nearly 200 fans out to the Directors' Guild premiere. McGann and Ashbrook, as well as crew members and industry professionals, were completely stunned by the reaction (not to mention that bright blue TARDIS in the lobby, which had been brought in by our local designer and prop builder Alan Hale and would feature prominently in the *TV Guide Magazine* spread the next week).

Alas, it was simply not to be. The film faded into oblivion after that fateful night in May, where FOX had scheduled it against a favourite series' finale (not to mention the fact that its publicity left something to be desired). Phil, unfairly, took the brunt of the criticism, worldwide – an unfortunate shame, considering how dedicated he was (and still is) to the long life of *Doctor Who*. FOX and Universal cut their losses and ran. Phil moved on to other projects. The film became part of our collective memory.

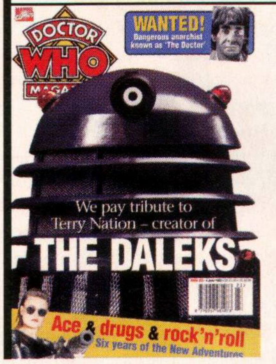
We're now left waiting once again for that inevitable day where *Doctor Who* will come back into production. Waiting for another turn on the rollercoaster.

least I got to experience some of the show's finer moments from its deservedly long history.

And I've still got 11 existing stories left to see. Lucky me!

Although the one-and-a-half hour long 'Paul McGann era' was to be quickly forgotten by the less-than-awestuck masses, it was still to bring great change to the established order of things in the world of *Doctor Who*.

Through the early 1990s Virgin Books' *New Adventures* novels had garnered a loyal and vocal following all of their own – **Jon Miller** among them. And when the BBC announced that they were taking over the publishing of *Doctor Who* novels at their earliest convenience, Jon was devastated . . .


DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
WANTED!
Dangerous anarchist known as 'The Doctor'
We pay tribute to Terry Nation – creator of
THE DALEKS
Ace & drugs & rock'n'roll
Six years of the New Adventures

Some people say that it was the fans' over-enthusiasm that caused the show's cancellation in the first place; that they were too vociferous in their criticisms of the last production team. By the early 1990s, however, those energies were certainly channelled into the more productive venture of ensuring the Doctor had a continuing life away from the screen.

For me, the Virgin *New Adventures* contained everything I ever wanted from *Doctor Who*. Action-adventures, thoughtful character pieces, intriguing ideas and experimental styles. Realism, magical realism, and pure fantasy, all wrapped up in a package that oozed a love for the series that spawned it.

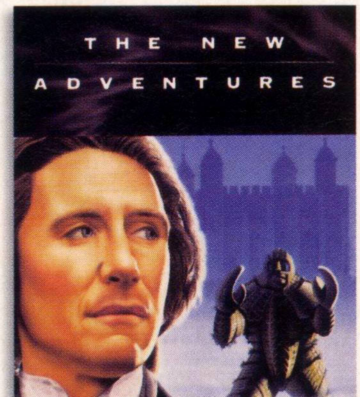
And in 1996 we were told that they would finish within the year.

May 1997 was, for me, the time when the future of *Doctor Who* looked its bleakest. The realistic chances for a new series were slim, and the initial BBC Books output had proved massively disappointing. Virgin's licence had been revoked so that the BBC could bring harmony to the Doctor's exploits following the movie. Would the movie's failure mean the merchandise would eventually stop too? To continue, it would need someone in charge who cared about and understood the range; and judging by the quality of the books available at the time, there was no one at the BBC who fitted that description. Even if they continued for a long while, it was easy to speculate that the corporation would soon drift into churning out formulaic nonsense where the writers seemed to care little for what they were doing – the *Star Trek* novels being the obvious point of comparison. Would the BBC maintain quality by hiring the best of the Virgin writers? Would they bring in any new blood to refresh the range?

To say I was pessimistic would be a massive understatement. But then, something rather wonderful happened. Virgin published their final *Doctor Who New Adventure*, Lance Parkin's *The Dying Days*.

This was a book that was rumoured to feature the Doctor's death, severing all ties with the BBC range. Would they really do it, we all wondered? Could Virgin really be that spiteful?

They couldn't, of course, and instead Lance's book did something far better. *The Dying Days* made me feel far more optimistic about the future of *Doctor Who*. Instead of a bitter finale we were served a triumphant tale of Bernice Summerfield teaming up with the Eighth Doctor to defend London from a Martian invasion. Instead of ending the *New Adventures* by killing the Doctor and terminating continuity with the still-fledgling BBC range, it embraced it – finishing with the Doctor cheerily bounding off to further adventures with a new publisher.



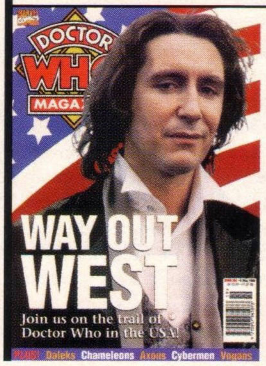
The moral of the story was clear. If Virgin could be so gracious and accommodating to the company which it saw as having snatched the proverbial rug from under them, then perhaps I could be too. *The Dying Days* might have signalled the end of an era, but reading it made me feel comfortable that there was no longer any need to complain about the end of the past.

It was time to embrace the future . . .

With no new episodes having been produced since that busy winter of 1995-96, it's easy to believe that the end is nigh, that fandom is to grow old and drift away from that which it once loved above all.

But, as **Gillian Lyne** has discovered, springy new fans can be found in all kinds of places.

Paul McGann? Tom Baker? It's all the same to them . . .


DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
WAY OUT WEST
Join us on the trail of Doctor Who in the USA!
Daleks Chameleons Axons Cybermen Vogans

Picture the scene: WH Smith's, on a hot Saturday in July, 1999. The air-conditioning has broken down, the queue is stretching into infinity and I'm at the end of it trying to conceal my copy of *Autumn Mist* underneath the latest edition of *Marie Claire*, lest anyone who knows me sees it. I'm a closet fan, you see, and only my like-minded boyfriend is aware of my obsession. I've been brought up to believe it's socially acceptable to be a *Star Trek* or *Star Wars* fan, but that it's deeply uncool to admit anything more than a passing acquaintance with *Doctor Who*. It was full of dodgy scenery and dodgy acting and it can't compete with 'proper' sci-fi, the critics complain. And I've seen *Time and Rani* – so can I really argue with them?

So I'm standing here, trying to force David A McIntee's latest epic in between the fashion supplement and a sample of free Nivea sun cream, and praying to God that a work colleague who's just wandered in doesn't see me. I've got my lines rehearsed, if he does: "It's a present, for my boyfriend." By now, the security guard is taking and active interest in me. And the queue still hasn't moved, determined to prolong my suffering.

Two young face-painted Darth Mauls, complete with light-sabres and Jar Jar Binks keyrings, have joined the queue behind me. One is telling the other about a video he's been watching, whilst his mother complains loudly that there aren't enough tills open.

ogopolis: it's as good as *Star Wars*, we're assured

"It's Tom Baker's last story. He's the Fourth Doctor. I've met him."

My attention is suddenly captured.

"And Peter Davison's in it. I've met him too."

"It's not as good as *Star Wars*."

"Yes it is. And the one where the Doctor lands in America and fights this man who has all gunge coming out of his mouth is even better. I've got that one on video too."

"Can we watch it when we get to your house?"

"All right but not 'til we've played *Star Wars Racer*."

Two kids, talking about a programme that came off-air before they were born. Talking about a programme I've been too embarrassed to talk about myself. Suddenly, I feel humbled.

Maybe they'll grow up to be life-long fans of the show, like me. Maybe, in ten years' time, they'll be queuing in a bookshop to purchase the latest *Who* novel, and listening with awe as some young kid behind them chatters about his or her favourite *Doctor Who* story. I hope so, anyway. Because dodgy acting, dodgy scenery and Tetraps aside, *Doctor Who*'s future is assured as long as ten year-old kids like them continue to watch it and 25 year-old adults like me continue to love it.

Finally, I reach the till. As I proudly hand the assistant *Autumn Mist*, my work colleague taps me on the shoulder. "I didn't know you were a *Doctor Who* fan," he says, looking at the book, and the amusement is obvious.

"I didn't know you were a *Babylon 5* fan," I reply, pointing to the video in his hand.

"I'm not. It's a present for my brother,"

Yeah. Of course it is.

But we leave our last word to to **Eddie Robson**. Born in 1979, Eddie is the same age as **DWM** itself.

Here he tells an unlikely story of a music festival, a chemical toilet and *Planet of the Spiders* . . . and how he was reminded that every episode of *Doctor Who* can still seem as fresh and vital as the day it was made – if the enthusiasm of others can show you how to look at it in a different way.

And that, we hope, is what **Doctor Who Magazine** is all about . . .

DOCTOR WHO
New Doctor Who movie? See inside!
Meet the man who killed the Doctor!
Near the knuckle?
A big hand, please, for Doctor Who's horror classics!
BOOKS AND AUDIOS MUST BE WON!

It was late on the Sunday at the Glastonbury Festival, probably about one in the morning. I'd just been to see Mogwai's set, and since I'd lost my friends in the crowd, I was wandering in the vague direction of the place where we'd set up camp. Ostensibly, the festival had finished, but as anyone who has ever attended it will know, the party continues well into Monday morning. With this in mind, I went for a walk through the market area, to see what sights were still to be seen.

On my way, I passed one of the many Portaloo toilet cubicles that are scattered around the site. Any large blue box tends to catch the eye of a *Doctor Who* fan, via the same mechanism that can pick out the Target logos from a shelf of second-hand books. This one, however, did so for good reason – it sported a cardboard sign above its door reading "Police Box". Looking to its right, I saw a small white marquee. From within, I could make out what sounded like the voice of the Queen Spider.

"Nah," I thought, and walked on.

I didn't get far. I couldn't resist ducking my head inside, just to check. Just to make sure that somebody hadn't set up a little *Doctor Who* cinema in the middle of Glastonbury. That would just be silly.

Silly it might have been, but it was entirely true. A small generator powered a video player and a black-and-white portable television in the corner of the tent. On the screen, a UK Gold recording of Part Three of *Planet of the Spiders* was just beginning, and 20 or 30 typical citizens of Glastonbury sat in rapt attention. Fascinated by the whole notion of this, I joined them.

Now, *Planet of the Spiders* isn't my one of my favourite stories by any means. When watched with other fans it seems ridiculous, the culmination and epitome of the self-indulgence that set in during the latter Pertwee years. However, seeing it with a crowd of people who were simply enjoying it for its entertainment value (and, of course, a substantial element of kitsch), it gained something. The over-familiar and much-maligned material was freshened by seeing it away from the cosy but comparatively sterile surroundings of one's living room. It's a testament to this most resilient of television programmes that it can surface like this, where you least expect it, make itself relevant to wherever you are and still surprise you when you thought you'd seen it all.

On the main stage: Blur, Suede, Fatboy Slim, *Spiders* . . .

As the story reached its conclusion and the Third Doctor lay dying, the previously silent audience began to chant, "Come on, Tom!"

To see this sudden regression into the child's desire to shout their encouragement for their hero to win the day pleased me no end. The eventual appearance of the curly-haired chap with the teeth and the scarf drew a mighty cheer, and I happily joined in.

So this is what the youth of today are getting up to . . . DWM

It's the end, but . . .

by **The Watcher**

Associate *The Sun Makers* with weddings? I do

Earlier this year Alan Barnes entertainingly filled a **DWM** editorial with his reminiscences of the *Doctor Who* episodes he was forced to miss through the capricious tyrannies of a typical childhood. I'm sure each and every one of us – at least those sufficiently fossilised to have been children when *Doctor Who* was still regularly on air – can summon up a similar catalogue of calamities. My own awful gaps in those pre-video days included both the first and last episodes of the Key to Time season (can you imagine how infuriating that was?), the first and third episodes of *Warriors' Gate* (if you thought the story was hard to follow, try only watching Parts Two and Four) and, appallingly, Part Four of *Logopolis* (it was the birthday party of a friend who was also a fan, and while we were off at the cinema his poor mother dutifully scribbled frantic notes – I still recall her phrase "all people small and dead" with affection when I watch the episode, and occasionally wonder whether there's a David Lynch-esque sequel to *All Creatures Great And Small* waiting to be made there).

There are plenty of others, but I'll spare you the whole list. The point is that it got me thinking, what with this issue's nostalgic flavour, that as far as we happy few are concerned the specific circumstances of watching *Doctor Who* episodes have left an indelible mark on our identity as people. I don't know about you, but I'm the one to whom members of my family will always turn when they want to pinpoint a particular date in our collective history, because with my pathetically *Doctor Who*-oriented memory I can always get straight to it. "When did we have that holiday in Orkney?", they'll ask, and I'll instantly recall watching the *Full Circle* repeat in a hotel bar in Stromness and be able to reply that it was August 1981. I know exactly when I went on my first school skiing trip to France for the precise reason that I missed Part Three of *The Horns of Nimon*. I have no trouble remembering my uncle's wedding anniversary, because I have even less trouble remembering that I sneaked off and clandestinely watched Part Four of *The Sun Makers* during the reception. I saw Part Five of *The Trial of a Time Lord* on a tiny, battery-operated black-and-white TV in the back of my father's car as he drove me to university for the first time, the reception fuzzing and strobing as we changed direction on the motorway. The rest of *Trial* was viewed against a backdrop of clacking snooker balls and burgeoning friendships in the junior common room, and the remainder of my university career was underscored by the delights of the McCoy era. Unlike TS Eliot's J Alfred Prufrock, I have measured out my life not with coffee spoons, but with episodes of *Doctor Who*. And so, I venture to hazard, have you.

The memory of watching certain episodes leaves an indelible mark

In a sense there's something rather shambolic and embarrassing about this, isn't there? But in another way, it's strangely life-affirming. I didn't see Part Three of *Earthshock* (another awful one to miss) because I was rehearsing a school play. A few years later, I missed various McCoy episodes because I was forever rehearsing amateur productions at university. In 1996 I missed the BBC screening of the Paul McGann movie because the theatre was now my profession, and I was out that night earning my keep. In that particular trajectory of missed episodes I can find something rather comforting for the soul, and I'm sure you can perceive similar patterns in your own great journey of life.

Of course, missing all those McCoy and McGann stories didn't matter much, because in no time at all I saw them on video. As many have observed before now, the ubiquity of video and satellite channels has dismantled the collective experience of viewing *Doctor Who*, or indeed any other television show. At the height of my enthusiasm for the programme my friend and I (he of the *Logopolis* birthday party anecdote) used to take it in turns to phone each other after every single episode and discuss its merits and meanings, much to the dismay of our stoic bill-paying parents, but even for those less obviously unhinged than my former self there is now no particularly strong parallel with the fabled Saturday night programming of the 1970s and early 1980s. The only comparable occasions today are royal weddings and funerals, together with the sorts of big sporting events which have the ability to grip the nation. I have to confess the latter mean very little to me – I've been known to get mildly involved with the Wimbledon fortnight, but like most *Whoies* I have a dangerous allergy to football. Indeed, I distinctly recall spending an entire soccer match at school letting in goals while chatting to my friend (yes, him again) about the previous weekend's episode of *The Power of Kroll*, one of the few pieces of television I've ever seen set in a more miserably mud-strewn and drizzly frozen hell than that in which hapless schoolboys are forced to wallow twice a week until they're old enough to damn well refuse.

I think I might be digressing somewhat. Where was I? Oh yes. The thing is, there's one other *Who*-related artefact which, unlike the show itself, is still linked to a sense of temporal continuity. I can distinctly recall seeing its first issue in the newsagent beside the school gates in October 1979, just as I can remember with absolute clarity reading the exploits of Brimo the Time Witch in the back of the car on the way to another family holiday – South Wales, this time – in July 1980. And so on, and so on, and so on. 20 years later it's still going strong. So *Doctor Who* still measures out our lives after all.

Happy birthday, **DWM**.

DWM

The Final Test

Are you a High-Brain or a Gond? No prizes, it's just for fun. Answers next issue.

What connects:

1 *Castrovalva*, *The Five Doctors*, *Time and the Rani*, *Remembrance of the Daleks* and the 1996 TV Movie?

2 A doctor, a driver and a miner?

3 Laurence Scarman, Scaroth, Sondergaard, Gavrok and Yrcanos [pictured]?

4 *Day of the Daleks*, *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* and *Mawdryn Undead*?

5 An aeroplane; the Doctor and Jamie in the TARDIS; a nature reserve; the hull of a spaceship; and a new TARDIS console? (A bit lateral, this one)

6 *The Doctor Who Dinosaur Book* and David Bowie? (Three quizzes in, and we're getting onto the hard stuff!)

Answers from last issue

1 The actors who played them each supplied memorable voices for *Doctor Who*: John Dearth (BOSS); David Graham (Daleks); John Leeson (K9, the Nucleus, Daleks); and Roy Skelton (Daleks, Cybermen, Krotons etc).

2 Each story features a *Blake's 7* regular: Peter Tuddenham; Brian Croucher; Michael Keating; Jacqueline Pearce; and Paul Darrow.

3 Sevenths: the Seventh Doctor; the Seventh Holy Ritual of Kroll; *The Seventh Amendment* (provisional title); and *The Seventh Seal* (inspiration for, according to director David Maloney).

4 Each pair has the same name with the addition of an extra letter: Kemel/Kembel; Erak/Eirak; John Lee/Leee John.

5 All three feature a Plantagenet.

Grayswandir

COMING NEXT ISSUE!

Little monsters!

Should we be prepared to sacrifice old-style *Doctor Who* for the kids of today? Hasn't it always been a children's programme, really? And why would you want to market a 36 year-old show for the Harry Potter generation, anyway? DWM investigates!

Nestene rising!

Auton antics for the people! As the third and final *Auton* film hits the streets, DWM has a gander at the state-of-the-art CGI wizardry required to bring their vast octopus monsters to life!

Michael Jayston

We catch up with the forgotten Doctor – the man who played our hero's accumulated badness throughout the epic *Trial of a Time Lord*!

Plus!

***The Myth Makers* in *The DWM Archive* – with never-before-seen pictures!**

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Battlefield III

The Doctor Who Convention

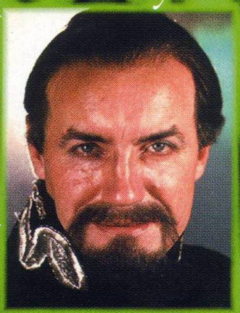
Mary
Tamm

(Romana)

Peter
Davison

(The Doctor)

Anthony
Ainley



(The Master)

Sylvester
McCoy

(The Doctor)

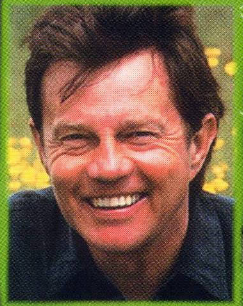
Lalla
Ward

(Romana)

Elisabeth
Sladen

(Sarah Jane)

Frazer
Hines

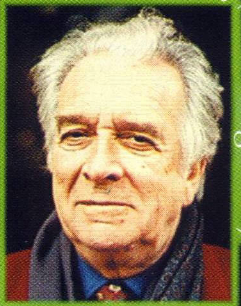


(Jamie)

Sophie
Aldred

(Ace)

Nicholas
Courtney



(The Brigadier)

Anneke
Wills

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